Yankee Doings

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION

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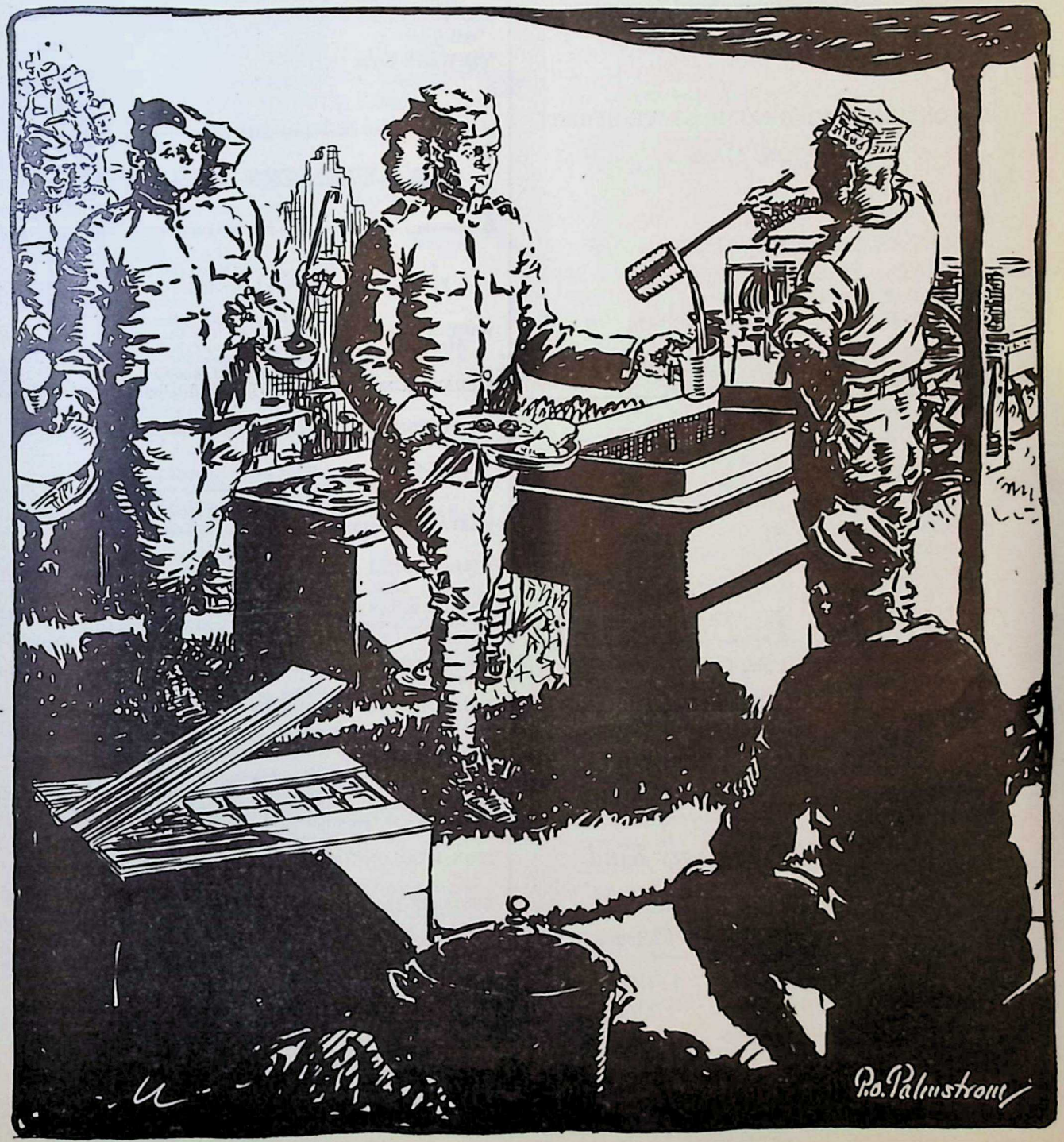

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This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

YANKEE DOINGS

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YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

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KNOW THIS MAN?

Mrs. Margaret C. Saunders, of 11 School Street, Pawtucket, R. I., desires information as to the whereabouts of her husband, ROBERT A. SAUNDERS, who served in the YD. He is a cook by trade, and she has not heard from him for several years.

SPECIAL OFFER—LAST CHANCE

Through a special arrangement with the Ball Publishing Company, the YD Club of Boston is in a position to offer for sale a limited number of Captain Edwin H. Cooper's, "Pictorial History of the 26th Division," at a lower rate than has ever before been asked.

At the time this is written, there are just four numbers of the linen bound volumes left. These sell at $4.00 apiece. There are approximately sixty volumes, bound in half morocco, which will be sold, while they last, at $5.00 a copy. If ordering by mail, please add 25c to these prices to cover mailing charges.

These books were printed to sell at $8.00. When these are gone there will be no further chance to obtain one. These are the last which the publisher had, and we have his assurance that there will be no second edition.

This is a book every YD man will want. Do not pass up this chance or you will be sure to regret it in the future.

"LEGION OF THE MARNE"

By Royal K. Hayes (102d F. A.)

Ten years pass like one night's sleep;
Time like an army moves steadily on,
The living soldiers have vowed to keep
Faith with the dead—Beyond the Marne.

River of blood, (still in a trance)
Trying to forget as we journey on,
Shells—gas—mud—dead, "somewhere in France"
Our buddies are waiting—Beyond the Marne.

Time heals wounds of earth and man;
Change, like nature, moves on and on,
Fate moulds events to some great plan,
The wheat now grows—Beyond the Marne.

The Legion of the dead are not asleep;
An army in France is carrying on!
Marching forever in order to keep
Faith with the living—Beyond the Marne.

BACKS GOVERNOR FULLER

At a brief business meeting preceding the entertainment at the Club, on August 9, the YD Club of Boston unanimously passed the following resolution, which was transmitted to the Governor:

"Whereas: Recent developments of a serious character have placed the Governor of this commonwealth in a position calling for unbiased judgment, fearless courage and sterling leadership.

"Be it resolved: That the YD Club of Boston, in meeting assembled this ninth day of August,1927, conveys to His Excellency Alvan T. Fuller, its grateful appreciation of his loyalty to American ideals as expressed by his words and actions in dealing with a matter that has attracted world-wide attention, and

"Be it further resolved: That the YD Club of Boston, acknowledges its obligation to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with Governor Fuller in his every effort to maintain the peace, security and respect for law to which the public of this great commonwealth is entitled."

FOR WINTER EVENINGS

When the mercury is flirting with the bottom of the glass, and hiking up Huntington Avenue with your collar around your ears makes thoughts of the cozy warmth of the Club library doubly alluring, the recent gift of Miss Agnes Howe, of Brookline, will be appreciated.

Through the good offices of "Uncle Nat" Perkins, the Club has received from Miss Howe several large cases of books of every description, seven or eight hundred in all. It has been suggested that a circulating library, for members only, be founded. There seems to be merit in the idea.

GUS FURDON: "Hey, Sam, did you know they're going to fight the Battle of Bunker Hill over again?"

SAM BOWERS: "What was the matter with it?"

GUS: "It wasn't on the level."

BETWEEN OURSELVES

They're off. (As the monkey said.) The second invasion of France is at its flood tide. A few canny birds, on special detail have, even at this early date, completed their Cook's Tour of cafes, abris, billets, memories and heart-throbs, and are once more back to "seek with the seat of their pants to polish an office stool." Poignant recollections of the tragic cry, "Plus de biere, monsieur, fini, fini!" disturbed their slumbers. They took no chances. and thus were obliged to forego none.

* * * *

Several of these members of the advance scouting party have reported in this month's number of DOINGS. But being modest gentlemen of impeccable character, and having the highest regard for connubial tranquility, they tactfully forbear from committing themselves on some topics of vital importance. Restoration and rehabilitation provide food for thought to all rational and thinking minds. We give place to no man in our admiration for students of international polity and good will. Furthermore, we modestly assert that a glimpse after nine years, of a muddy and lousy fox hole which had once housed our ditto carcass, would arouse us to fervent dithyrambs of memory. What our esteemed correspondents have written is admirable. It makes great reading. And it is due to them that this number is one of the most interesting recently published. But—there are some things we yearn to know. Curiosity consumes us.

* * * *

Is the obliging Mademoiselle from Armentieres still doing business at the same old stand? And the more chaste Madelon, does her name still echo down the corridors of time? Is the progeny of the famous Mrs. B—, who had so many sons in the war, still increasing? Do the two vin sisters still compete for the favor of each cafe patron? What of the three great national recreations of 1918—Gin, Janes and Jazz (translated: Suds, Skirts and Syncopation)?

* * * *

This Legion party is a family affair. That it is filled with potentialities for good or evil, none can deny. We choose to overlook that phase. The American soldier who has lived close to the heart of France is instinctively tactful. He is instinctively boisterous, extravagant, convivial, noisy and ready for a fight or a frolic. But, underneath all, he knows the French people. He will not offend. Pompous old dignitaries bicker about debt and disarmament. John X. Doughboy hands monsieur a package of fags, little Pierre a bar of "Chocolat," and thoughtfully considers the family fertilizer. "They envy us, they hate us, they fear us," shouts the press. To which we reply, "Please keep out. This is our party."

* * * *

When the gay uniforms of Florida and California go swinging down the Champs Elysees, when "Ioway, Ioway" and "All Hail Massachusetts" arise to the blue of a Paris sky, will not poilu and madame and grandmere once more see grim jaws and glistening bayonets, once more hear "Madelon" and "Hinky Dinky Parley Vous?"

* * * *

It isn't a question of nations and policies, but a reunion of "just folks"—folks who remember. We prefer to judge the depth of our comradeship by the reception to Col. Lindbergh rather than by the Paris communists' professed willingness to usher the entire American Legion into the august presence of St. Peter.

BEAU GESTE

Men who have outlived the samples of weather issued out by sunny France can endure any sort of meteorological opposition and are daunted by nothing. This was proven once more on the evening of August 18, an evening when Noah would have battened down his hatches and called it a day. Availing themselves of whatever seagoing craft was handiest, the multitude sailed forth and assembled at 200 Huntington Avenue, in numbers that taxed the capacity of the hall.

Preceding the showing of the picture, "Beau Geste," and between the reels, an informal reception was tendered to the newly elected officers and delegates of the American Legion, Department of Massachusetts. Among those present were BILL MCGINNIS, retiring Department Commander; MATTY BOYLE, a YD man who was elected as delegate to the Paris Convention by the largest number of votes received by any one; DR. GRIFFIN, for many years prominent in State Legion affairs; our own RALPH EASTMAN in his capacity of Department Treasurer; and MISS HARRIET KUEMIN, Commander of the South End Post, A. L., the only woman, so far as is known, commanding a man's Post. MISS KUEMIN is also a delegate to Paris, to which honor she was assisted by the YD Post. She served as a nurse in France and many of our own men knew her there.

Admiral Belknap, a native and long-time resident of Boston, was an honored guest. He was in command of the American contingent in the laying of the North Sea mine field.

The splendid motion picture, "Beau Geste," by P. C. Wren was enthusiastically received and deservedly so.

As an added attraction, a quartet from the "Half a Widow" company, playing at the Shubert Theatre, and the best quartet it has ever been our good fortune to hear, rendered selections for over half an hour.

It is impossible to picture the enthusiasm of these gatherings in cold type. Every speaker we have had in the last two or three years has commented on the wonderful type of men who always attend. If you haven't got the smoker habit, come just once and you'll be addicted to them for life.

BACK FROM THE FRONT

By Arthur C. Havlin (102nd M. G. Bn.)

(Photographs by the Author)

In view of the fact that many of the YD Veterans will, within a few weeks, head for the shores of old France, a few impressions recently received from a week's reconnoissance of our once familiar sectors may be timely.

A comparison of the original crossing in three-tiered bunks, endless mess lines, and innumerable impositions then suppose ily necessary, with the luxury of to-day would be an interesting subject, but the steamship folders have

BEAUMONT
Looking toward Dead Man's Curve

well pictured what to expect in comfort and enjoyment. So the subject will be confined to observations made during a recent trip of nearly a thousand miles by auto—some of the less interesting at 75 per—principally over ground once held or gained by the 26th Division. Added to the enjoyment of travelling when and where desired, it is not amiss to present as credentials that our foursome included no less a personage than Leonard H. Nason—and our wives. As readers of "Chevrons," "Three Lights from a Match," and of his other stories have concluded, he knows the war as fought. Travelling companion or author, he is equally delightful.

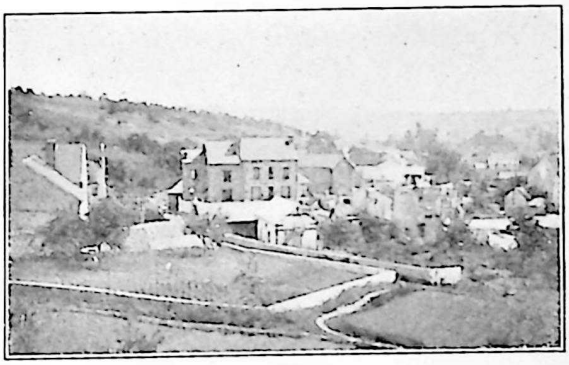
The battlefields are to-day a revelation to one who returns after a nine years' absence; but, naturally would have been a disappointment if not viewed with the expectation of seeing little of what we left behind. The grass and underbrush have grown up around the equipment we threw away, it has been salvaged, or the plough has turned it under, but the roadside ditch in which we once flopped, the gully from which we jumped off, and the town wash house (Bernecourt, to be specific) where, supposedly in repose, we rinsed our only pair of socks between salvos, are still there. So, although expecting to see little trace of the war—as in nearly ten years, nature does remarkable healing—considerable was found to revive old memories.

The old war maps were found to be of great assistance in locating innumerable once-familiar roads and trenches now hidden by tilled fields or rank underbrush. Especially was this true in searching for the road entering the Grande Tranchee from Mouilly, for the road over No Man's Land is indistinguishable from those which received less attention.

Fading memories were found to be inaccurate, for Mont Sec now seems miles away from Beaumont and Seicheprey, a stone's throw from the St. Dizier-Metz Road. Near the corner of Jury Woods, we found a trench running towards the Seicheprey Road in an unusually fine condition. It had been dug through shale rock and had withstood the wearing rains. Moreover, the dugouts were intact, while empty bacon cans and machine gun strips still decorated the approach. But those who devote only a few days among the battlefields will not return to the Toul Sector for it is off the beaten path.

Chateau Thierry is the most popular goal not only for its richness in history, but by reason of its nearness to Paris. An American Museum just off the square exhibited some of the missing equipment which has been salvaged. Mess-kits, hand grenades, rifles, bayonets, and whatnots in good condition are all treasures now. Hotchkiss machine guns may be mounted on St. Etienne tripods, but a keen eye can properly assemble the equipment and revive the fading impressions of our ordnance partners. A stay overnight in Chateau Thierry at the Hotel Bonhomme and an inspection of its grounds disclose that it served its share during the war.

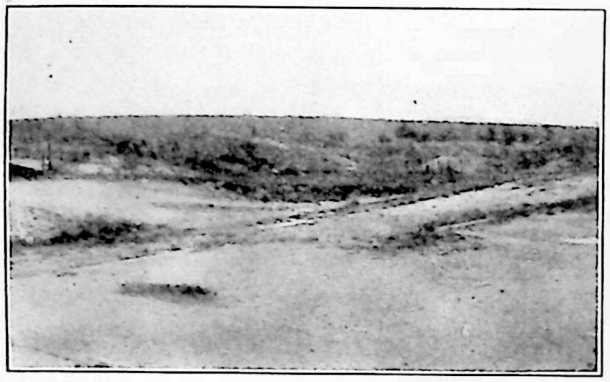
Out of the ruins of old Vaux, a new Vaux has grown—quite different in architecture for there was little left to patch up. Above the town stands an attractive railroad station surrounded by thriving flowerbeds; in fact, there's nothing there to betray at a glance that especially on July 18, 1918, it played such an important part in events.



RUINS AND MODERN VAUX
Near Chateau Thierry

The ride through Bouresches to Belleau discloses many ruins—each the more picturesque by their new surroundings. Only those of us who have crawled through those delightful fields with scars now healed can believe and picture what once occurred there, back in '18. The roads are still there, but the paths have grown up with thick underbrush—almost impenetrable now. There's little to see, is one's first thought, but with a little patience one may find the exact spot where under a broiling sun and withering machine gun fire, the road was crossed. Then and in similar instances comes the thrill that makes the trip more than worthwhile.

Not many kilometers from Soissons, where incidentally still pose two cathedral towers as mere skeletons apparently ready to crash at a slight puff of wind, runs the famous Chemin des Dames. In certain other sectors it was easy to understand how many traces of the war could be obliterated, but with thought that never could the overlapping shell holes of this sector—immense they were—be filled in and levelled over, we approached it. This section near the old Fort would at least be practically untouched.



DECAUVILLE
Near Verdun

To-day the Chemin des Dames runs through rolling fields of thriving produce and grain—unbelievable but true. Nature and the labor of man have done the impossible. Surrounded by cultivated fields stand the remains of Fort de la Malmaison. On close inspection of the old fort one is reminded of Roman ruins or perhaps, old Kenilworth Castle—hundreds of years rather than only nine. It was difficult to realize that after 6 days and 6 nights in October 1917 of continuous bombardment by numberless guns, the French Zouaves captured this fort from the Prussian Guards. Now it is only a mound of crumbled ramparts and grass covered interior. A little patient prowling, however, will bring to light many souvenirs—cartridge boxes, French gas mask cases (metal), and similar equipment.

A few hundred yards across the field stood Batis Sud and Bois de Veau in which were Company A's (102d M. G. Bn.) first machine gun positions. Back in early '18 only maps showed any trace of woods other than an occasional dead tree trunk, but now the woods are absolutely impenetrable without an axe. By road we visited new Pargny-Filain built around the worst of its ruins. The Aisne canal and Bassin d'Alimentation, once water hazards of the first order, are now dry, entirely neglected, and almost hidden by flourishing trees.

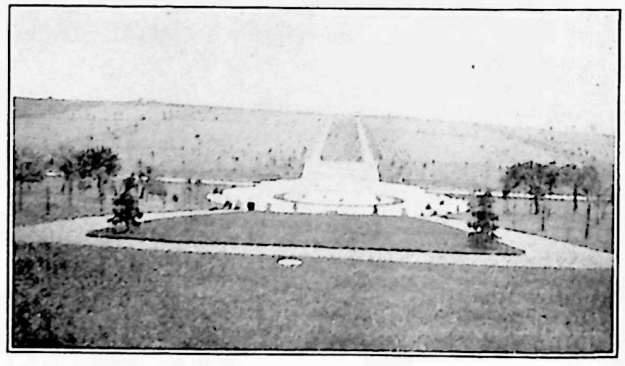
Soissons, Vailly, Braisne are all now peaceful towns with little, if any, outward traces of olive drab occupation, but the trained eye will discover much to prove their participation. The stores where we frequently bought jam and butter have settled back to their humdrum existence.

So in order to see the least changed of the battlefields, the old familiar barren waste—not mud any more—one should go to the outskirts of Verdun. The French are gradually cleaning up even this section, but the shell holes and trenches better portray to the uninitiated what a grim war we fought. The visit to the depths of Forts de Vaux and Douaumont and the ground near the Bayonet Trench revealed much in equipment and conditions as we left it. A pair of field glasses were, at this Front as well as the others, of great value in enabling one to see what otherwise would have been inaccessible spots of interest. There are a few dugouts complete, but in many locations the wood and iron have been drawn out of the earth and salvaged, leaving only traces of our often sought shelters. It doesn't take much imagination to fill in the missing familiar scenes, for the setting, though somewhat changed, is there. All over the old Fronts there are occasional piles of duds tenderly placed alongside the road or ploughed field to be blown up by trained men. And bodies are still being dug up daily out in front of Verdun—almost an endless task.

Any one of the American Cemeteries is a most impressive scene. Incidentally we spent May 30th at the largest cemetery, Romagne, where some 14,000 Americans lie buried, for the most part casualties of the Meuse-Argonne Battle. It was one of the few occasions when tears come to the eyes of men, for it sends our thoughts back to the many sad events which all of us at some time witnessed on the battlefield, on the road, or in the hospital. Those who have left their loved ones buried with their comrades, need never have a single doubt but that the graves will be given every attention, not only by the caretakers, but by the French. Even little tots came from miles around with armfuls of flowers, many gathered in the fields, to place on those graves. At other American Cemeteries the same affection and respect were shown.

The French will never forget.

Contrary to the general belief formed from reading distorted newspaper articles, the French are glad to see the Americans. Naturally we are not now hysterically hailed as Saviors as we were when we held the boche at bay, but the French are genuinely pleased to have us return. Touring foreigners are nothing strange to them for, next to bottling the vintages, caring for travellers is one of the largest of industries. Evidence is in the fact that everywhere English is spoken after a fashion. It is well to remember that the law of supply and demand affects the price of champagne as well as other luxuries,—and the Frenchman pays as much—but there is more than sufficient other wines at ridiculously low prices to tickle the palate.



AMERICAN CEMETERY AT ROMAGNE

Paris, again, was of course visited and found thoroughly interesting, for everyone visits Paris who enters France, but the greatest thrill of all came in the battlefields when we stood up at our old positions, and unharassed, leisurely inhaled the scenery. A prolonged stop—once fatal—at several crossroads, which were quickly passed over in solid darkness on every other occasion, was most satisfying, and the

(*Concluded on page 22*)

FRESH PORK

By C. W. Harkins

(Reprinted by special permission from The Popular Magazine of July 20, 1927)

Crisp, brown, luscious, sizzling bacon; peppered fried pork chops; roast ham, red and rich, studded with cloves, bathed in mint gravy—that was what six soldiers, weary of the monotony of Kentucky camp diet, longed for. And they went after what they wanted, both by hook and by crook.

Peace war has its hardships at times. I mind the time we were in Kentucky having joint maneuvers.

I had a buddy named Flitch, a tall, hungry-looking lad from Kansas. He is married this long time—may the Lord look out for him. He and a red-headed corporal from Iowa were all the time kicking about the grub, and that same kicking about the mess near landed me in jail for murder.

Flitch says to me one night, "I am the best hog butcher in seven states."

"Thinking of killing the top?" I replied. He was the only hog I knew anything about.

"Not a chance," said Flitch. "You couldn't roast him with all the fires of hell! Tops are like that."

"What's all this talk of hog and hominy, Flitch?" asked the corporal, coming in under a flap of the tent.

"Why, dad wrote me that he was going to butcher nine hogs this fall, and here we are eating rations that have been killed and canned since '66. Do you know, I drew a hard-tack a week or so ago, with a girl's name and address on it, and I wrote the girl, and the other day, darned if the company clerk didn't hand me a letter from her granddaughter, telling me that grandma had been dead eight years."

"Stop yelling about the mess," I told the fellows. "Here we are, camped on the banks of the Ohio River. What's the matter with catching all the fish we could eat?"

"Sure," chipped in Flitch. "I've caught catfish as big as a horse. I remember catching one that had a key in his stomach, with a tag that said, 'Return to Noah, care of the Ark, and receive reward.' "

I was only a buck private then, so I didn't have much to say in matters of weight, but the corporal was real business-like, and he immediately details Flitch and me on fish fatigue.

By using a lot of jawbone, we managed to beg and borrow enough money to buy a set line. I think it cost us a dollar eighty. As a fisherman, Flitch was a total loss. All we caught was a jug, and it was full of river water.

Some nights later the fish detail was ordered to report to the corporal. We gathered in my tent, as I had a bunk for a seat. Some fellow is still wondering where that bed went to. "Fellows," says the red-headed corporal, "somehow I can't get roast pork out of my head."

"I know where there is a hog," replied Flitch—"a nice, fat, corn-fed pork. I was on guard at the ferry the other day, and across the river were lots of farmhouses entirely surrounded by pork."

"I have an idea," says the corporal. "What's the matter with us sneaking up there some night and enlisting one of them in the mounted service?"

"Do you think a hog is a chicken?" says I. "Man, they weigh something. Did you ever hear a hog squeal? On a still, frosty night you can hear one forty miles."

"Stow the gab and listen to me," cuts in the corporal. "Flitch knows all about hog killing. We'll do it this way. I'll hit him in the head with an axe—he'll never squeal, I'll gamble—and Flitch will cut his throat with a butcher knife. All you will have to do," turning to me, "will be to carry a gun, if the farmer comes out, and shoot into the air. That will scare him into retirement."

I yelled: "Wait a minute! I'm on the fish detail. That lets me out."

"No, you're not," replied the corporal. "You're relieved and have been in the hog detachment for the last ten minutes. You're now rear guard of the pork squad." So that was that.

On a Sunday night it was—the October moon, a bright yellow, and as big as a race track—we, in a strict military manner, borrowed a boat from a fisherman and pulled upstream three or four miles, and hid it in some bushes right in front of a prosperous looking farmhouse. We were early; for, tied to the front fence was a horse hitched to a top buggy—daughter and beau were sitting up. We holed up in the ragweeds, together with the ants, chiggers, and ninety other kinds of bugs, and waited.

It was a long wait. I grew tired of scratching, so I slipped over and got into the buggy seat. Figured I could see Mr. Beau when he opened the front door to leave. I guess I fell asleep, for the next thing I knew was a hair-raising yell right in my ear. It scared me and the horse nearly to death, and I caught a glimpse of a dark shape skimming over the fence; but that was all. From then on I was busy trying to leave a box buggy, and it traveling sixty miles an hour. The beau in the darkness had untied the horse, climbed in the buggy, and seated himself right smack in the lap of Uncle Sam's best cavalryman. When the smoke settled, I was wrapped around a tree, Flitch and the corporal were two miles back in the hills, and I guess the beau was up in the attic under the bed.

I was for going back to camp and finishing my hitch on a salt-pork diet, but that red-headed corporal was made of sterner stuff.

Across the fields we could see, outlined in the moonlight, another farmhouse, with not a light showing. No beau there.

"Well, let's go," said that hungry non-com. "War is sure hell, thinks I."

Crossing the field, Flitch said: "Let's get a chicken, too. I like chicken better than pork. Do you know," he inquired, "that if you lift a chicken off the roost real gentle and set it on the ground, it will set there all night? Yes, sir, it sure will."

Well, Flitch was a liar.

"Having a snap, with only the gun to take care of, you can handle the hen as well," continued Flitch.

Arriving at the house, we found the trees in the front yard serving as a chicken roost. In the moonlight we could see a barnyard full of hogs, rooting around in the fodder. Flitch climbed a tree and made noise enough to wake up a bugler. He got the chicken and passed it down to the corporal, who stroked its back, the same as if it had been a cat. Sure enough, it clucked a few times in a contented manner and never made a move.

"Now, you set it down in a corner where you can find it again," whispered the Corporal.

O, yes!

They moved down on the barnyard without accident, except Flitch fell over a plow. I stood in the dooryard, holding the carbine at a ready, with the bolt back for firing. It was not so good. Farmers usually have a large-bore shotgun loaded, with a teacupful of bird shot, and just aching to take a pot shot at chicken thieves.

The corporal followed a likely looking hog and tried to get a rap at it with the ax. I, from where I was standing, could see the moonlight flashing on the butcher knife in Flitch's hand. Just then the corporal soaked it to a hog. He must have miscued; because while he knocked the pig down all right, he left the squeal working. From then on, our teamwork was rotten.

The corporal jumped on the hog, grabbed it by the nose, trying to choke off the infernal uproar, while Flitch managed to cut its throat, but only changed the squeal to a sawmill bellow.

Right then and there, I decided to pick up the hen and move. But the hen beat me to it. The yard was a mess of black shadows because of the trees, and I fumbled around and picked up everything in the yard—old shoes, tin cans and stove wood, and I was picking them up and laying them down in a hurry, too. At last, I was sure I had it, knew because I could see it move. I made a wild grab and snatched up a cat. The last of my nerve and the cat left together.

Flitch and the corporal grabbed up that dying hog and made a masterly retreat, just as the farmer and eight or nine sons got up, reached for the family shotgun, lit a lamp, and charged into the yard. I had left. It was the first and only time I ever was able to clear a stake fence in one jump.

We lumbered into the cornfield and laid down the hog. The farmer and his sons rambled around the barnyard with a lantern, and I heard one of them say, "What is the matter with that cat?" I could have told them, but didn't. At last, they went back to bed and left us the problem of getting the pork to camp.

The corporal and Flitch tried carrying it by the legs, belly up. Flitch kept getting its head between his feet and falling down every few yards. At last, he picked it up by the hind legs and swung it on his back. We didn't know it then, but when he hoisted it up, about a quart of blood ran out and made a puddle in the field. From there to the river bank we left a trail of gore. As rear guard, I was covering the retreat, still carrying the gun with the bolt back. The affair with the cat had unnerved me to that extent.

They laid the hog down and by main strength snaked him through the bushes to the boat. Bringing up the rear, I slipped and slid down, catching the trigger in a bush, and the roar of that carbine just about finished the hog detachment. We fell into the boat, and I listened to Flitch, in a hoarse whisper, cuss me and my ancestors, even unto the fourth generation.

We ran the guard without trouble, except Flitch fell into the creek, and we carried the hog to the mess tent. Without hot water and a barrel, removing the hair was something else again. We tried shaving it with a butcher knife. Flitch mixed up a bucket of lather; using a broom for a shaving brush; but it takes a skilled barber to shave a hog by candlelight. Then we tried skinning it. After cutting a slit in Flitch's pants, when the knife slipped, we at last got it undressed.

It was a trying night. I made my bunk a little before daybreak, with a sense of duty well done, and covered with soap, hog bristles, and river mud.

When we fell in for roll call next morning, the smell of fresh pork frying pervaded the whole camp. I never knew of a smell carrying so far. It carried to the captain's tent and was powerful enough to get him up and out, a thing two buglers and a top sergeant couldn't do.

We all lined up for mess, all the boys sniffing and watering at the mouth, when along comes the captain. I heard him say to the cook: "What have you got for breakfast?"

"Fresh pork, sir," replied the cook.

"Where under the sun did you get fresh pork?" inquired the captain in astonishment.

"From Private Flitch, sir," said the cook.

Well, sir, the skipper turned and took a long look at Flitch, who was shaking so bad I could hear his mess kit rattling.

"Private Flitch," bellowed the captain, "where did you get that meat?"

I will say that Flitch was a fast thinker. He snapped to attention, gave the old man the proper salute, and replied. "Sir, I traded the fishline for it,"

The captain looked at Flitch in a dazed manner and walked off muttering to himself, "Some fishline. Cook," he yelled, "send two well-done chops up to my tent."

And about that murder charge—the racket we made the night before got the farmers all worked up, and the next morning they compared notes, and the beau told them that six desperate masked thugs had tried to kill him. After a terrific battle, they overpowered him, stole his horse and buggy, and ran it into a corn crib. All had heard my wild shot; the hired man found the pool of blood in the field, and followed the crimson trail to where the body of the victim had been dumped into the river. The farmers notified the sheriff; he found the boat with the bloodstains on it and traced our footprints into camp. It was either go to jail on a murder charge, or pay for the hog. There was fifteen dollars missing from Flitch's compensation pay day."

FIFTY-FIFTY

A patient and brow-beaten appearing male creature was standing outside the stall at the country fair where the prize bull was being exhibited. Gripping his hand was the tallest of a long queue of children, nine in all, evidently his offspring and priceless gift to posterity.

Approaching the man at the gate he ventured timidly, "My children would like to see the bull, but there are so many of them, you see, I'm afraid I couldn't afford it. Could you let us in for a lower price for the whole lot? I would like to see the bull, too?"

"My dear sir," replied the courteous keeper of the gate, "enter and gaze your fill. The bull would like to see you."

BIRDS

Tuesday evening, August 9, the YD Club was the scene of one of those affairs which will eventually necessitate the building of an annex. When it comes to real big time stuff, they all follow our lead.

The affair was billed as "Great Aviation Night," and it was all of that. It needs an Elliot White Springs to do it justice, but we are prepared to do our humble best.

Following the usual glowing and scintillating preamble by the thrice gifted Carroll Swan wherein he grievously omitted to refer, by word or gesture, to the equally talented Billy Keville, the galaxy of sky tourists commenced to twinkle and to do their stuff.

LIEUTENANT ALBERT HEGENBERGER
Photo by Scherzee Studios

A letter was read from Commander Porter Adams, President of the Aeronautical Association of America, expressing his keen regret at his inability to be present. Theodore H. Holcombe, President of the Boston Chapter of the same organization, spoke of the great progress in aviation in the last year, and asked for the support of all programs tending to further its still greater expansion.

Lieutenant Gardner, formerly of the 23d Bombing Squadron, was presented and spoke briefly.

The next speaker, Major Ira Longnecker, in command of U. S. Army aviation in New England, referred in enthusiastic terms to the feat of Lieutenant Hegenberger. In fact, all of the speakers, except the modest hero himself, were unstinting in their praise of his exploit. Major Longnecker related a few of the achievements of New England, especially in aviation. He explained the unusual difficulties attending such an experiment as Hegenberger's, and told also of his wonderful work in perfecting aeronautical instruments of precision.

The need of public confidence in aviation was stressed by Lt. R. D. Thomas, head of the Air Base at Squantum. "It is being strengthened," he said, "by such exploits as Hegenberger's."

Captain "Bugs" Raymond, Chairman of the American Legion Aviation Committee of Massachusetts, reminisced entertainingly in his original style of some of his own experiences in the war. He was shot down by five German planes on the 16th of July and taken prisoner. "But," he continued, "I escaped to Nice, which was tres bon." He asked us not to take him as an example to prove the old saying that Air Service was 2% service and 98% air. In more serious vein, he bespoke the support of the Legion Air program. The state now has before it legislation which will be of the utmost benefit to aviation. It is being backed and sponsored by the Legion. He asked the YD Club, as an organization, to lend its aid. He introduced three of his companions, a Major Collins, Lieutenant Charles Clark, and Sergeant Ben Richardson. The latter served in the 26th.

Captain Gardner Fiske, who is Chairman of the Municipal Air Board of Boston and a member of the Governor's aviation council, said that there are 35 cities and towns in Massachusetts asking for air ports. It is the job of this board to advise them how to get such ports. Captain Fiske served in 20th Bombing Squadron as an observer.

The President of the Air Service of New England, Inc., summarized the interest in aeronautics which has followed recent events.

Sumner Sewall, who brought down five planes and two balloons during the war, and was himself brought down in flames, spoke mainly of the importance of perfecting safety devices and navigating instruments, just such work as Hegenberger is doing. Mr. Sewall is the head of the

Colonial Transport Co. which operates the air service from Boston to New York. He recounted the remarkable record of service and punctuality which that company is giving.

Mr. Bernard Wiseman, Secretary, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce Aviation Committee, stated that the Chamber had already raised $15,000 which went into the Boston air port, and was working unceasingly in the interests of the new mode of transportation.

Others who spoke were Mr. John D. Haughey, President of the Air Service of New England, Mr. Sheldon Fairbanks, President of the Chamber of Commerce Aviation Committee, City Councillor Fred Dowling and our own Bill McGinnis, who told of his recent first experience in flying. Dan Rochford, also a YD man, introduced by Carroll Swan as "a gentleman from the *Transcript*" also spoke of his amateur flying experiences.

Lieutenant Albert F. Hegenberger, the quiet and retiring hero of the great Hawaiian flight, was presented amid deafening cheers. "As Antony remarked in Cleopatra's boudoir," he said, "I didn't come here to talk." But he did talk and what he had to say lost nothing by his modest style of speaking. To hear his story of the flight, it just wasn't anything—nothing at all. But we knew better, and drank in every word. At the close of his address he was made an honorary member of the Club and presented with a YD radiator emblem to help him out in any unpleasantness with sky cops. The fact that Lieutenant Hegenberger has flown 150,000 miles without an accident is sufficient testimony of his marvelous ability. His companion, Maitland, has said that he would fly to hades with "Heggy" because he knows he would get back.

The usual refreshments in the "salle a manger" completed the splendid program.

MISSED SOMETHING AT LAST SMOKER

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

I was in to the last smoker, and it was fine, as usual, but, as the blooming trains wouldn't wait for me, and as I didn't do any hiking in the army and don't intend to start now, I had to leave before the picture was over.

One thing I noticed wasn't just right. WILLIAM J. KEVILLE was introduced only once. Is our President getting slack or forgetful?

I trust that this will not offend either of the above named gentlemen, but I will also state at this time that on the 9th of August, BILL KEVILLE was left out altogether. This isn't right, and someone should hint around to our President, easy like, and touch up his memory.

Well, here's a good one for you to chew over. In the last DOINGS you have a clipping from the *Boston Post* about the fool habit of displaying a cluster of flags on radiator caps. I agree with this item, but there is one thing lower, and that is the fellow who puts a flag on the rear corner of his auto. It's bad enough to do what they do with the clusters on the radiators, but these fellows are decent enough to ride behind their colors, while the fellow I saw must think that the flag is the last thing on earth or he wouldn't put it on the tail end of his car. In other words, he must feel "too damn good" to ride behind his colors. Now I saw a car go by my house (out here in the woods) within a month with two flags on the back edges of his curtain.

—H. A. KINSON (102d M. G. Bn.)

Georgetown, Mass.
August 21.

YD OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

At about the same time you receive this number of DOINGS, you will also get the beautiful little brochure which the Overseas Memorial Committee is putting out, telling of the church at Belleau, and of our desire to rebuild it as our Division Memorial. We can add nothing here to what is said in this booklet. The returns are coming in very slow. Do not shirk the job. Do your part.

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO DATE

	Amt. Rec'd.	*Amt. Pledged*	*Total*
Div. Hq. Troop	$1,312.50	$135.00	$1,447.50
101st Inf.	1,039.46	650.00	1,689.46
101st F. A.	2,919.25	191.50	3,110.75
101st Tr. M.	28.00		28.00
101st Supply Tr.	92.00	15.00	107.00
*101st San. Train	473.00	79.00	552.00
101st F. Signal Bn.	237.00	40.00	277.00
101st Tr. Hq. & M. P.	133.00	25.00	158.00
101st M. G. Bn.	341.29	20.00	361.29
101st M. O. R. S.	9.00		9.00
101st Engr.	1,988.20	338.50	2,326.70
101st Amm. Tr.	474.00	117.00	591.00
102d Inf.	761.63	162.10	923.73
102d F. A.	1,318.25	147.75	1,466.00
102d M. G. Bn.	627.30	52.00	679.30
103d Inf.	793.20	274.50	1,067.70
103d F. A.	1,085.00	92.50	1,177.50
103d M. G.	206.00	48.00	254.00
104th Inf.	1,053.40	168.00	1,221.40
51st Art. Brigade	488.00		488.00
52d Inf. Brigade	32.33	10.00	42.33
51st Inf. Brigade	128.40	35.00	163.40
Misc.	1,019.00	132.00	1,151.00
Bank Interest	82.25		82.25
	$16,641.46	$2,732.85	$19,374.31

1738 Donors, 554 Pledges—2292 Total

*Includes: 101st F. H., 101st San Train, 102d F. H., 102d Amb., 103d F. H., 103d Amb., 104th F. H., 104th Amb.

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(In addition to those previously acknowledged)

Southworth Lancaster
Willard S. Simpkins
James J. Nolan
R. E. Miller
Earl B. MacMillan
Roger B. Friend
A. John Halfenstine
Stephen M. Gohring
Gen. Edward L. Logan

One Sunday two lovers went to church. When the collection was being taken up the young man explored his pockets, and finding nothing, whispered to his sweetheart, "I haven't a cent. I changed my pants." Meanwhile the girl had been searching her bag, and finding nothing, blushed a rosy red and said, "I'm in the same predicament."

SEICHEPREY REVISITED

By Enoch Hall Doble (102nd M. G. Bn.)

The author was taken prisoner at Seicheprey on April 20, 1918. In the accompanying article he relates impressions received upon revisiting the village in October 1924.

Those who remember Seicheprey will find that village very much changed today. The Seicheprey of the broken walls and knocked down stones exists no longer. All white and clean, with red tiled roofs, there stand today new modern houses.

Taking the early train from Paris, I had arrived at Toul and put up at the Hotel d'Alsace the evening before. In the morning I hired a bicycle and, after riding across country for a few hours, came at last to the little narrow road that winds down the hill into Seicheprey—that road over which the ration wagons and ambulances used to race while the seventy-sevens cracked in their path! For a moment I rested on the handle bars of my bicycle and gazed at the village below me. A keen disappointment went through me and, I must confess, it increased as I coasted down the hill and on into the town.

Where was that old gray building, the battalion headquarters of the 102nd Infantry, outside of which the night guard used to be "pinged" at by German snipers? Where were those ragged walls which hid the 102nd Machine Gun kitchen, behind which we ate in such trusting innocence until three shells came roaring through one noon? Of the dressing station on the corner nothing whatever remained. Even the old cemetery, which used to be torn up every night by shell fire, had completely disappeared. And those piled up heaps of stone we used to call "dug-outs"? Not the least sign of a dug-out, or anything else of the Seicheprey we had known.

Slowly I pedal'ed down the main street. Everywhere the ground was white with lime. Rough boards lay all about. Here and there were piles of sand and wooden troughs where workmen had been mixing plaster. Yet as today was another of those many French holidays, not a living person was anywhere to be found. For all its modern new buildings, Seicheprey seemed more deserted than it ever had been during the war. When I turned the next corner, however, a gladdening sight—a positive evidence of life,—a pile of steaming manure met my eyes. Dismounting from my bicycle, I drew closer to admire. It was not long before I heard a wheelbarrow approaching, and in a moment a white haired old peasant in a blue smock and wooden shoes came clogging up with a new wooden wheelbarrow.

"Bonjour, monsieur!" I greeted.

"Bonjour, monsieur," he replied. We shook hands. I asked him a hundred questions.

Yes, he and his old wife were the first to return. Others now ought to be coming in every day. No, not a thing remained of the old village.

Then a thought struck me—"The old church bell?"

"Ah oui," he smiled, "Vennez monsieur!" and he led me around the new town hall to the little new church going up just opposite. "Voila," he said, "it will be placed in the new church spire.'"

There it was in truth, hanging on a cross beam just above the ground, the old bell that used to toll out the gas warning, like a death knell in the dead of night. Leaning down, I tapped the gong gently, and I stared as the ringing died away. This bell was the one bit of the old Seicheprey that would live on in the new.

Thanking the old man, I mounted my bicycle and rode out toward the fields. Far across the valley in a blue haze stood Montsec, the Montsec we all hated as some living person. From there it was they watched us, then dropped in that everlasting stray fire. How we used to curse that hill! I felt the hatred rise within me again as I gazed now six years later.

At an elevation in the road I stopped and got off my bicycle to view these fields where we had fought. But here were no shell holes, no barbed wire entanglements, no trenches! Nothing but a pleasant green meadow dotted with countless little red poppies. Not far away two cows were grazing leisurely. In the little creek that flowed through the long grass three white ducks were paddling about and quacking contentedly. Explosions, humming shrapnel, torn human flesh, steel bullets, human blood, seemed very far from these peaceful fields. The Germans, their guttural yelling as they swarmed over, out of the mist, all gray and green, unearthly creatures with those strange helmets low down upon their heads—— All that seemed an impossible dream!

Further down the road I discovered a small monument of field stones and, dropping my bicycle, I walked over through the grass and poppies to look at it more closely. From the top, empty shells were sticking out and pieces of shrapnel gathered from these fields. I read the bronze inscription below, and my thoughts turned to those men who shed their blood so freely and gave up their lives that day. Then, bending down, I picked one of the poppies growing beside the monument, and examined its bright red blossom. According to science blood is mostly iron and iron gives the red color in flowers—who knows, I thought, perhaps the blood of our comrades still lives and breathes in these delicate, crimson petals? If stone and mortar is man's way of commemorating that day of April 20, 1918, these flaming poppies may be nature's way of marking the spot.

Below the bronze tablet, I noticed where some sightseer had written his name in the wet cement, and there it had dried in great scrawling letters. I found large holes where souvenir hunters had ripped out pieces of shell. In anger I walked back to my bicycle. Astride the bicycle I turned before pushing off, for a last look at these pleasant fields. Waving green grass and bright red poppies—thousands of poppies—dancing their heads lightly in the wind. Against the rich green grass they stood out like drops of blood. At any rate, I thought, souvenir hunters cannot destroy these!

Back at the village I found the old man training the limbs of an apple sapling against the white walls of his new house. His toothless old wife stood helping at his side. Their

voices rang with pride as they spoke of their new modern house, and when they talked of their gardens and fields, I began to sense the great love the French peasant feels for the soil. For centuries this Seicheprey soil had fed their fathers. All their lives this aged couple had gathered their living from this soil. Ten years ago war had driven them from Seicheprey. For ten years they had been homeless refugees. Now, at last, they could once again return to their Seicheprey soil.

Lingering as long as possible with these gentle old people, at length I mounted my bicycle, bid them "adieu," and started back towards Toul. After all, I thought as I pedalled along, was it not just as it should be? If nothing remains of the fields and villages we remember as Seicheprey, in its place there are new cleared and graded fields and new clean houses, and in the war-saddened hearts of innocent old peasants, new hope and joy.

AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER

Colonel "LON" TANDY forwards the following letter from San Francisco. He doesn't disclose the identity of the writer, so we cannot buy the drinks.

"My dear E. F. T.

"The copy of the July-August number of YANKEE DOINGS, which you handed me to read, has been perused with much interest and I was impressed with the sentiment expressed by the article under the caption, "Between Ourselves." The author has modestly disdained from giving the article a special caption or even to initial it. Yet, my mental reaction on reading it was—"more power to his good right arm" or maybe I should have said, "to his typewriter fingers." Without wishing further to fray out an over-used phrase, it seems to me that, "The Return to Normalcy" might well have captioned this item.

"The Fourth of July has been made safe and sane, and as a result, there is a truer, deeper patriotism, sans jingoism and sans injuries, but with a true, deep understanding of what the Fourth really stands for.

"Similarly, as pointed out by the unknown writer in YANKEE DOINGS, the post-war spirit, particularly among the ex-service men themselves, has settled down to where the past can be calmly surveyed, and appreciating the lessons that they were taught, they apply those lessons in a calm and dispassionate manner to the problems of everyday life."

—E. F. W.

LIKED PASSAGA NUMBER

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:—

July-August 1927 number of YANKEE DOINGS just received. The many articles regarding the decoration of the colors of the 104th Infantry, General Passaga and his trip, are well worth reading and contain valuable information for us outsiders.

Trust that the future results in the Overseas Memorial Fund will be better than heretofore. Am thinking seriously myself of making another contribution to this fund for some poor cuss who may be laid up in a hospital and unable to do so himself. With kindest personal regards and all wishes for continued success.

—LEON F. DENNIS

El Paso, Texas, August 9

NEW ENGLAND'S OWN

By Nancy Byrd Turner

There's a sound that swells to the listening sky, and breaks, and swells again—
A sound to the April breezes blown of a host of marching men;
And the people's hearts lift up to hear, and the city's gates swing wide
To the tramp of twenty thousand strong, the beat of a tawny tide.
They come, they come with the throbbing drum! Let the glad word be known!
Fling the flags to the four free winds, and greet New England's Own!

These were the eager-hearted ones when first the bugles blew;
The clean north winds had swept their souls before the war-flags flew.
They set their faces like the flint of the old north country hills;
They pledged their manhood without stint, and their young, intrepid wills.
They did not stay for the perilous way. Forward! their cry was thrown;
Stout hearts might well have faltered then—but not New England's Own!

They caught the spurt of the first red stars that flamed the battle sign;
They gave their bodies as iron bars to weld the battle line;
Aisne-Marne, Chavignon, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne—east and west—
The old strange names, familiar now as heart-beats in each breast,
And keen with memories of those they left to sleep alone,
Dust to dust in an alien land, yet still New England's Own.

They dreamed the dreams of peace and youth, but when the storm was rife
They counted comfort less than truth, and honor more than life.
Each with his starry flag above, his weapon in his hand,
Fought for earth's liberty, and love, and his own dear native land;
Walked blindly in the smoking ways, that the light his eyes had known
Might never perish from the shore that sent New England's Own.

There's a sound that swells in the April air till it shakes the market-place—
The tread of a host of marching men who have looked death in the face;
Who have staggered back from the brink of hell to find the world still sweet
And the dust of God's own country gray once more upon their feet.
They come, they come with the throbbing drum! Let the high flag be flown—
The flag they shed their blood to keep, and kept—New England's Own!

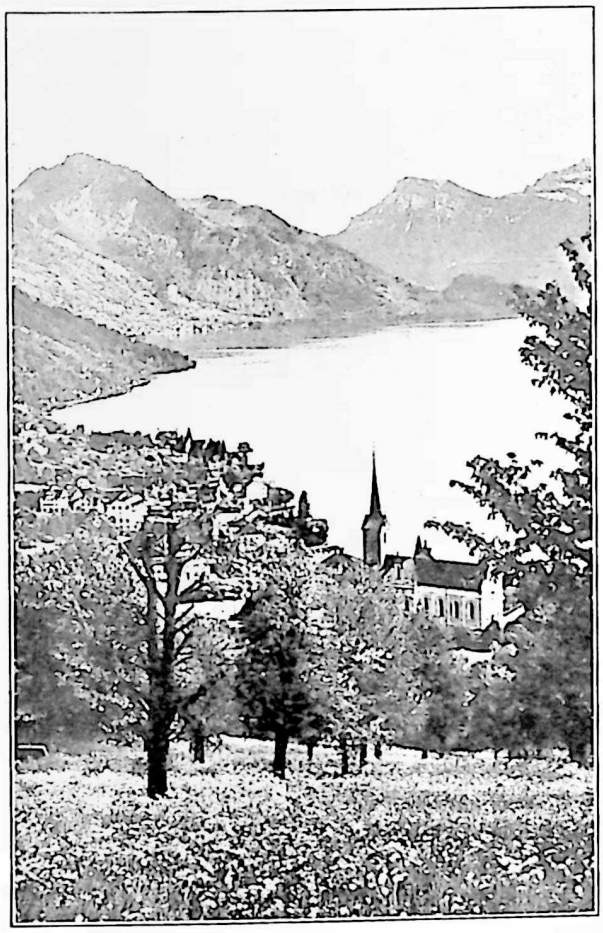
DIARY OF OUR OWN GLOBE TROTTER

(Photographs by the Correspondent)

S. S. "Rotterdam"
Somewhere on the Atlantic

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:
Mon bien cher Ami:

Here I am returning to America after a most wonderful two months vacation. This time I'll try not to go too much into detail but will save for later issues some of the incidents which might be amusing or interesting.

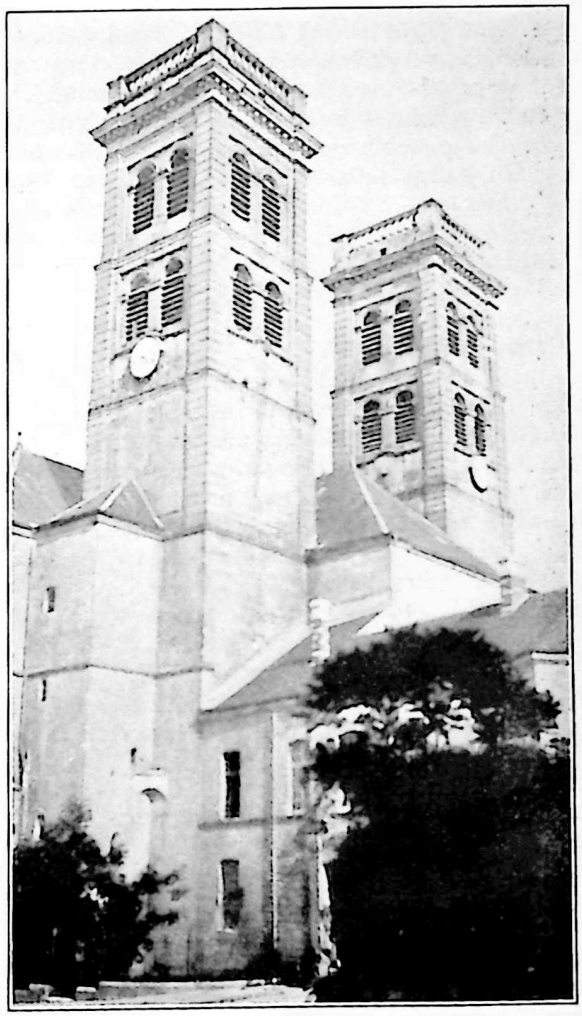


WEGGIS ON LAKE LUZERN

Going over on the Holland-American Line, S. S. "Volendam," I landed in Rotterdam. It had been a most enjoyable voyage and I could not help but compare it many times with the first voyage on that ill-fated "Antilles" during the *guerre*. This time we could smoke after dark and had no need of portholes or windows being covered. There were steamer chairs this time; bouillon with crackers was served at 11 A. M., while tea and cakes were served on deck at 4 P. M.

One of the first large buildings I saw as we were going up the River Maas to Rotterdam was a place where gin was made. The windmills and canals were very quaint and pretty and the big stiff white hats which some of the women wore were most picturesque. In one of the big squares of Rotterdam a woman had charge of a large bicycle renting establishment, and it was odd these days to see such a great number of these two wheeled vehicles.

Brussels, Belgium, is one of the most beautiful cities that I have ever seen. I rode around the city in a Victoria (and I certainly did feel my oats) with a very instructive driver who explained many points of interest. The upper stories of some of the large buildings facing the Grand Place are



VERDUN CATHEDRAL

gilded and the effect is truly magnetic, especially at sunset; added to this enchantment are the many and varicolored flowers which the women have on sale in the western end of the square. Eating is very reasonable there—everything is. Girls are plentiful and not bashful. There are 35½ francs to our dollar.

I entered France through the Duchy of Luxembourg, south to Metz and Nancy, continuing on through Toul and into Neufchateau. A week was spent there visiting, in the meantime, towns in the Toul sector, around Chaumont and

Nogent-en-Bassigny (Odival) besides towns adjacent to Neufchateau. The day I left Neufchateau I went to Commercy, St. Mihiel and Verdun, where a whole day was spent visiting the city and the forts north of there. Of course the city is greatly rebuilt, yet there are many places that would look perfectly natural to all of us.

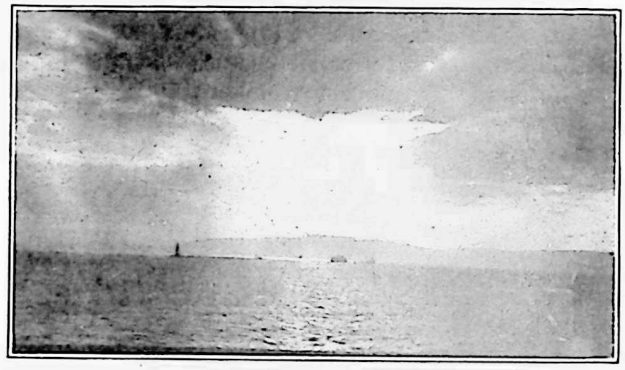
My next journey was to be to Switzerland so I rode southeast through Epinal and Belfort. Those two names always appealed to me during the war and I'd looked forward all these years to going there sometime—funny how we think about some of those things, isn't it? At Mulhouse where I changed trains I saw some German trains—fourth class—and they were most assuredly far from inviting. I continued on to Basel where I again had to change, this time to a Swiss train. My friend from Zurich met me and escorted me to his home.

Never did I spend a more enjoyable week than that which followed. The lakes of Zurich, Zug and Lucerne and the mountains roundabout were visited the first three days. Then, two of us left for a four days' bicycle trip through the mountains, going first to Lucerne and then up through Brunig Pass to Meiringen, Interlaken, Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen Valley, Lakes of Brienz and Thun, passing through numerous charming villages. Riding along the edge of blue-green lakes, pushing the bike up steep hills and then looking back to see what made you puff and sweat, going over the hard surfaced roads through tunnels carved from solid rock, then resting at some cool spot—tables under shade trees, while the mademoiselle or fraulein brought out milk and sandwiches—all those things were enough to make one glad that he was yet in the land of the living and able to enjoy it. Our destination was Bern which is a very beautiful city: one funny thing happened when we asked at the hotel where we could put our velocipedes. The reply was, "Oh, take them right up the two flights to your room!" I could see myself doing that. nix! By the way, it might interest you to know that before I could start on this bicycle trip I had to buy a license.

The day I left Zurich for Paris it nearly did rain those pitchforks about which you've heard. In my compartment there was a girl travelling to Paris from Capetown, Africa, and a man with his widowed sister who came from Adrianople, Turkey. Paris is the same old city, lively and captivating, whatever that means. I visited many of the usual places of interest and also attended some interesting exhibitions. There, in Paris, I saw several friends whom I'd met on the boat, besides French friends who have moved there since the war. Beaucoup rain interfered with our out-of-door plans but there was always something else to do. Being in Paree over Bastille Day was quite exciting and much more interesting because I was with natives.

Meaux is as dead as ever and La Ferte-sous-Jouarre is not as lively as it used to be—everyone was fishing in the Marne. From La Ferte I took a bicycle trip to Chamigny, St. Aulde, Montreuil-aux-Lions, Bezu, Farm Genevrois, down over the hill to Mery, on to Luzancy, Messy and back to starting point. The day that I left Meaux I went through Fere-en-Tardenois to Fismes where I changed for Soissons via Braine, etc. One afternoon I rode east to Venizel, Billy-sur-Aisne, Acy, and back to the city through Septmonts and Noyan. The next day I went north on the Laon road but turned left to Leury and Juvigny; then over to Leuilly, Mont des Tombs, Vauxaillon, Terny-Sorny, Margival and Clamecy to Soissons. Nothing much looked natural up around there because now there are houses and churches whereas there used to be only cellars, dugouts, etc. Mud and terrible roads still prevail in that sector and one notices the absence of trees—trees which were shot down and fruit trees that were cut down by the Germans in their retreat.

Many of you will remember the ride from Soissons west to Compiegne for it is over interesting country especially through the forest around Rethondes. From Compiegne, north to St. Quentin, and west to Amiens practically everything has been built since the guerre. You'd notice new



SUNRISE AT PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND

bridges, new roads, new railroad stations, new everything. At St. Quentin I was met by friends with whom I'd become acquainted in Brette (Ecommoy area). Some of their relatives came from Laon and also a farm near St. Quentin to have dinner with us. The big French family dinners are never-to-be-forgotten affairs.

My last night in France was spent in Amiens, where I visited twice that most wondrous cathedral, late one afternoon and again early the next morning. A day around that edifice is all too short. As my port of embarkation was Boulogne-sur-Mer, I left early enough to have two or three hours there before boarding the tender which was to convey us out to the big S. S. "Rotterdam."

This bateau is much larger than the "Volendam," but not being an oil burner, it is also much dirtier. Food is excellent and we have an abundance of it.

"At the bar, at the bar. . . ." is Yours sincerely,

GEORGE W. TWOMBLY (101st F. Sig. Bn.)

A TEXAS IDYLL

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

I received the notice of the smoker, but was unable to make it. It takes four days for mail to go between here and Boston.

Give my regards to anybody you see that wants them. About all I do here is sit under a fan and eat watermelon.

—LYMAN B. COZZENS

Austin, Texas
August 14.

WELL, WHAT DID YOU THINK?

"All right back there?" bawled the conductor.

"Hol' on, hol' on," shrilled a feminine voice. "Jes wait till I gets mah clothes on."

And then, as the entire carful craned their necks expectantly, she entered with a basket of laundry.

THE RAILHEAD—WHERE—WHY—HOW COME?

By Leon F. Denis (Supply Co., 104th Inf.)

Of course all this was at Soissons in the Chemin des Dames, back there in February, 1918, at which time our little Yankee Division was getting their baptism of fire under tutelage of the 11th Corps of the VIth French Army, General De Maud'huy commanding.

This establishment called a railhead was a new stunt for us Yanks, and as green as we were, wonders were accomplished in Soissons considering the many and rapid changes in personnel which never was assigned, but rather gathered from here and there. Though once their mission had been outlined and they realized the tremendous importance of their task, they sure produced the goods. Gallant bunch they were, and mighty glad to get back to their regiments whenever fortunate enough to be relieved from duty at the railhead. Reason? Shelling was always heavier there than in the front lines due to the importance of the location both to us and our friends on the other side of the valley—the Heinies. In a few months' time, with constant changes one way or another, I remained as much a stranger among the gang as when we were first bunched together at Goncourt in the Vosges and headed West for our first destination. Doomed to disappointment regarding ever getting back to the regiment, one could only take things as they came and make the most of it, which I did with evident satisfaction for I recollect no complaints from superiors.

One night in particular at Soissons will ever stand out prominently in my memory. The exact date does not matter —dates are of no importance anyway—the place is the main thing. From that participants can readily identify the occasion and their brother operatives in the story. For some reason there had been no air raid in town that night, in fact, things were more quiet than usual which was very much in favor of the episode which took place, unofficial as it was.

As many of you probably remember, our daily train usually arrived in town under French control from the regulating station at Creil within an hour or two after dark and our cars were parked on our siding for us to "do our stuff" the following day. The custodian of the train came in and handed over his papers, which I signed without question as usual; not dreaming that instead of being shy a carload of spuds or something else, I was to the good one odd looking piece of rolling stock known in French railway parlance as a tank car but appearing to us just a big barrel. You all know what they were and what I am talking about. At any rate, as the poet said, "someone had blundered" but that was unknown until the next morning when the damage had already been done. Well, to make a short story no longer, it seems that some of those bozos in the railhead working party had been wandering around after dark in the general direction of the railroad yards, and there discovered that the contents of that tank car were—French issue Vin Rouge.

It was not long of course before the whole gang except yours truly knew all about the carload of "pinard" so handy; and at about 11 P.M. when I had completed my paper work for the day and prepared to retire on what served as my desk, I heard the distinctive sound of rattling tinware which seemed rather unusual to me at that hour of the night, knowing as I did that the kitchen force had long since quit work for the day. However, I was tired and let it go at that and off to sleep forgetting all about the sound. Nothing more of it until morning, when a visit to the barracks revealed what looked like rather prominent pools of blood in the barracks, on the floor and among the straw bunks. Boy, Oh Boy, what an assortment of tinware was scattered all over that building. Dixies from the kitchen, canteens all sorts and shapes, pitchers, and whatnot in the line of receptacles that might hold from a pint on up. To a casual observer the place had all the appearance of having been heavily shelled, the "victims"(?) scattered about the floor "dead to the world" with pools of "blood"(?) here and there as mute testimony of the awful slaughter of artillery.

From all indications none of the victims were any the worse for their hard night of "heavy shelling" and work went on the next day as though nothing had happened; though I believe to this day none of the officers connected with the railhead knew or know now what happened that night. Just one of those lucky incidents in war, you know.

Well, I guess the tank car was far from emptied as I hardly think even that bunch had sufficient capacity to make serious inroads on the thousands of gallons the car contained. At any rate, after the car was discovered by the French Commissaire Militaire, it was ordered promptly shunted away to its proper location a few kilometers away. Nothing further was heard about it so I guess to this day the French division to which this carload of vin rouge was consigned don't know that they were gypped, what of it if they do find it out at this late date? What are they going to do about it? We might cancel part of the war debt and call it quits. The fact remains, the boys had a pleasant evening and I trust they enjoyed it. Perhaps they will feel relieved when they read this to know that no one "higher up, knew what occurred between the time that car was placed on our siding and removed from our midst.

READY TO OBLIGE

After all these years and years, the joke is making the rounds again about the recruiting officer who asks, "Have you any scars on you?" and the recruit who replies, "No, but I can let you have a cigarette."

Rookie at Camp: "Make that ham and eggs pork chops."
Mess Sgt.: "The chef's too busy to do any tricks just now," snapped the Sarg.

Him: "Are those exercises you are taking helping you?"
Her: "Surely, only last night Al told me I felt fine!"

WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS

By "Diablo"

Mussolini, the ruling power of Italy, is forever having the plaudits of the fickle world thrust on his broad shoulders. He is doing a wonderful mission in rehabilitating his country, but how many of the average readers of his many interviews ever try to look between the lines and wonder what will be the conclusion of his ambitions. Italy is a nation unto itself, having no foreign possessions, as have her sister countries. It is a well known fact that if opportunity offered, the Dictator of Italy would place himself at the head of a colossal army and attempt to become a second Napoleon. In conversation with a traveler who but recently returned from a tour of the European countries, I was amazed to learn of existing conditions in several of these countries which seem to be preparing for a terrific struggle which will rival the World War.

Italy is a nation of soldiers. In every hamlet, village and town the marching cadence of the soldiery can be heard early in the morning and late at night. On the railways will be found the military in all capacities. From the youngest to the eldest, all are enrolled in their branches of the military. They have their uniforms and full equipment, regularly attend drills and keep constantly in tip-top shape. Every able bodied man knows just his station in time of war. The old Germany is revived in the modern Italy.

In every section of the country one is amazed at the manner in which all foodstuffs are stored. Visitors are welcomed only to leave their cash, and furthermore the Premier invites tourists simply for this reason, as it is a well known fact that he believes in Italy for Italians only. Rates to tourists have recently been reduced ten per cent by orders from the head of the Government. Imagine if our Governor wrote to the Copley Plaza and instructed them to reduce prices on all commodities ten per cent. Well—just imagine it! This is an example of the iron hand which is ruling Italy. Workmen labor from nine to eleven hours a day and in return receive about one dollar for their labor; children from six to ten years of age go into the fields and factories and receive about ten cents a day. What is Mussolini doing, what is his object? This is one of those "Ask me another" puzzles.

The most palatial liner flying the Italian flag is nothing but a camouflaged warship, one that can be turned into a floating fortress over night, and they are now building three more. Their aviation is not lacking, and in the pastures one will see thousands of horses, broodmares, and finely bred stallions, which assure the military of a transport second to none in horseflesh. Motor cars are plentiful and their camions are to be seen everywhere. In fact one wonders if he is not back in the war time when on every hand all that can be seen are warlike activities.

If the ruling power of Italy can keep his country out of war and carry on, it is safe for anyone to predict that within ten years Italy will become one of the foremost powers on the universe. But as my confidant says, and this for the benefit of those that are forever knocking the good old U. S. A.:

> "I have traveled all over Europe, no matter what they say in polite messages inviting tourists to visit them, they hate us like the devil, and the only reason for this is because we are the most successful and wealthy country in the world today. They want our money because they have none themselves, and are just beginning to get busy and go to work earning honest livings and not living on the plaudits of their ancestors as they have done for ages past. I am all done traveling. Let those who love their Paris and Nice go all they wish, but for the life of me I cannot understand why they have to go across the seas to enjoy themselves. The U. S. is the best country on earth and I have visited them all. They are sure to have another terrible war over there and when it comes, let us sit back and keep our fingers out of the pie. The League of Nations and all that stuff is just bunkum, and so I will quote the little saying I heard in Italy, only reversing the circumstances. Instead of Italy for Italians, let us be unanimous in saying "America for Americans Only."

NO MORE IODINE

By "Diablo"

Future wars will be wonderful from a medical standpoint. Medicos will no longer dump bottles of iodine into raw wounds. Never again will they prescribe, "Paint it with iodine and mark him duty." Yes, all this has come to pass. No longer need you cut yourself and search for a mild antiseptic. Brothers, you all know the kick received when raw iodine is poured upon a break in the skin,—well, so do I. The other day the fan on my automobile and I got to fighting and the former was the winner. I ending up with a gash on one of my fingers, and many unkind words toward all gas-buggies on my lips. Forthwith I repaired to 600 Washington Street, and was whisked up to the fifth floor (doubtless many of you have been there) and was conducted to one of the many medical departments where my cut was carefully examined and cleansed. The medico reached for a bottle of a familiar color and forthwith I uttered a groan.

"What's the matter, does it pain you?" inquired the Doctor.

"No, but that darn IODINE will," I responded, and gritting my teeth awaited the sensational kick that always accompanies its application.

The Medico grimaced and continued his preparations and then applied the antiseptic and, will wonders ever cease, I felt nothing. Kind of bewildered, and wondering if the cut was so bad that I could not feel anything, I gazed at him in awe.

"Well, did it hurt? "

"No-o," I murmured, "is that iodine?"

"No, we don't use it any more, this has the same properties as iodine and is much more agreeable," replied the Doctor.

"All right, much obliged Doctor, what's the charge?"

"Nothing, there is no charge to ex-service men up here for treatment."

Well, boys, remembering past experiences in the Army, it certainly is a great relief to know that in the future one of the biggest bogies is removed, and you can get a little scratch and not have them make it a hundred times worse with iodine. Now what the name of the stuff is, I don't know, but perhaps one of our ex-medicos will add a little line to this telling you just what it is.

ALONG THE FRONT—1927

By Lt. Col. Horace Z. Landon (101st Engineers)

Sitting on the hillside in front of Beaumont, reading that splendid history of the 101st U. S. Engineers, brings back the stirring days of ten years ago as though only a moment had passed. No imagination is required to bring up the alert sensation of rounding the corners of that Seicheprey Communication Trench or to anticipate the sharp bark of the 101st Field Artillery behind the Fliry road. Montsec looms up as sinister and calm as ever. An hour of the story of the war-days and the quiet hillside seems populated with the active invisible life of those early days at the front.

The illusion holds even to the edge of the village, for many of the trenches remain, but to glance at the buildings is to break the spell. War may have been a calamity for the people, but it certainly modernized the town. New churches new houses and good streets now are the order of the day and in the one-time deserted homes there live many people totally strange to the countryside. In the center of Seicheprey there stands one of the best of those inspiring monuments France has placed to commemorate the men of the town who gave their lives for their country.

Back in Beaumont a new church is nearing completion, and the view from the A Company and F Company P.C. over Dead Man's Corner can be enjoyed in peace.

The B Company Machine Gun emplacement in Mandres is as solid as ever, but the dressing station across the street is the residence of an apparently wealthy rural gentleman. The heavy pill-box between Mandres and Hammonville is somewhat the worse for wear inasmuch as the farmers use it as a safe place to blow up the duds as they collect same from time to time. Even the detonation, however, of several tons of projectiles failed to lift it much, although a wide crack is opened.

The Mayor of Hammonville is as sphinx-like as ever, although he can remember the time Doc. Walcott emptied his pistol through his door, if urged. The clock is repaired, but Curley Norris' Engineer Dump has disappeared.

Boucq sleeps as peacefully as ever, resting on the laurels of its one and only battle.

And so on. How interesting it is to follow the movements of the regiment step by step over every inch of ground. Le Havre, a really beautiful port if you don't have to walk up that hill. The valley of the Seine, Paris, where the regiment went, but not as a unit, where prices are as high as in New York, where there seem to be more foreigners than Frenchmen. If France has not collected enough as yet to pay off the debt, two or three weeks more will be sufficient. But its charm is always above any price.

Then on to Bazoilles, Orquevaux, Rolampont, Doulaincourt, where Americans are brothers today as ten years ago. A warm welcome awaits and the cost of living is as low as it is high in the cities. Not one of the barracks remain. The acres and acres of hospital buildings are replaced by wheat. But the people are just the same and Americans are popular.

The Chemin des Dames can never cease to inspire admiration for the brave men who defended their country there. It will always seem to be a battlefield. Possibly for that reason France has placed its most profound war memorial at the junction of this road with the Soisson-Laon highway, a pure white crucifix of heroic proportions standing all alone against the darkness of the valley beyond. The sculptor was indeed inspired, for the expression of understanding and sympathy, without sadness, is real. The single inscription on a small raised portion: "Sacre coeur de Jesus, j'ai confiance en vous," seems the perfect thought for those thousands of men.

The quarries are being operated, and at the end of each day each farmer still makes a pile of the shells and barbed wire he has collected, so that wagons specially assigned to this work may collect them every hundred yards or so all over the front.

Space does not permit great detail but as the regiment moves on memories come up by themselves. The Toul front, the guard mounts at Choloy, then to Chamigny, where the B Company baseball team almost did its stuff. Montreuil-aux-Lions of delayed-action-fuse fame. Bois Gros Jean and La Croissette woods, where the undergrowth has completely obscured the fox holes. Paris Farm, the corner of many a thrill. The Rue Gobert with its dressing station under the bridge. Lucy-le-Bocage, very interesting, only half rebuilt, nothing but the same old walls of its church as yet, those hard-dug trenches all filled in. Belleau Woods, with its trenches and guns all preserved by the United States Government, a very interesting place to re-visit without H.E. arriving. Torcy still showing signs of the bombardments. Belleau, with its old broken church and the plans for the new one to be given by the YD, and its splendid cemetery being run by the very efficient and pleasant American, Mr. Case. Bouresches, worse than ever, and Vaux, half rebuilt and half destroyed.

Chateau Thierry and the towns beyond, Trugny and Epieds look calm and peaceful, but as one thinks back over the last visit and reads another chapter of the History, the wheatfields again spring to life. There are still some holes in that road for "Captain Snow" to fix.

And then with a long sweep through that interesting country to Rheims and Verdun, crossing and cris-crossing so as to see all the old spots, finally arriving at the Grande-Tranchee de Calome. Even now the work the Engineers did on that long stretch is apparent. The bushes have grown up but it is still a desolate churned-up waste. Even the professional junkmen have not ventured far into this back-stretch of country. Birds and game abound.

Pi Park has disappeared, but the sunken hole of Captain Osborn's P.C. and the concrete walls of Major Chase's home are still visible. The roads all around are deserted.

Although the other Vaux is apparently forgotten and impoverished, St. Remy enjoys new buildings and several hundred dogs. In fact, next to grapes, dogs seem to be the best crop throughout France.

And then up over the hill and that flat map of the Woevre is again spread out. Only now there are brand new shiny towns with red roofs and good roads. Also genial people. A

glance at the fields in front of Marcheville shows the reason for the difficulty the 103rd had with their attack. A powerful group of cleverly concealed pill boxes commands the area way back to Saulx. Nothing but a long sustained artillery concentration could have demolished them. The village is all rebuilt, but several of the German strong-points are preserved. Certainly in these towns, long occupied by the Boche, the war is an ever present memory.

And on across country, not afoot this time, Karlsruhe and Villingen are finally reached. How different the attitude. Courteous to the American because it is good business, no disabled men visible, all talk of the war taboo, thousands of men constantly training in the newly organized "Athletic Clubs" every one sincere in their belief that America robbed them of the victory which they believe was properly and actually theirs, quietly and determinedly preparing for 1950. Apparently at heart the German loves no one. Sometimes it seems as though he does not even love himself. The ingrown philosophy of a people who have neither the ability nor opportunity nor desire to absorb ideas from without is surely and quietly forcing this industrious and solemn nation to another world conflict, but with an intelligent statesmanship behind it all which will produce such a strong combination of powers that even our pacifists may be forced to admit that it would be wise to have something besides three thousand miles of ocean to protect them.

CONTENTMENT

By "Diablo"

William F. Kirk, newspaper columnist, died the other day at Chippewa Falls, Wis. Shortly before his death he wrote a little poem, "The Ninth Inning." The last stanza of that poem is as follows:

" 'Twas a glorious game from the opening bell,
Good plays, bad plays and thrills pell-mell.
The speed of it burned my years away
But I thank Great God that he let me play."

With that as the last word to the world he was leaving, Kirk died.

Now that bit of verse is hardly first-class poetry, by any standard. And we know nothing at all about Kirk. Yet, somehow, we rather envy him. For those lines of doggerel betray a spirit that is a priceless possession. Through them you get a glimpse of one of earth's rarest spectacles—a man approaching death without regrets and without fear, looking back on life that has left in his mouth an excellent savor.

The chap knew how to live, you may be certain. He had, during his career as a columnist in that little Wisconsin city, gained an insight that is denied to most of us. He had discovered that life can have a zest and a tang that is priceless—and that one does not need dollars or high position to grasp these qualities.

Most of us fail in that respect. We expend our little store of energy, our small stock of God-given enthusiasm, in fighting the world, fighting in a crowd of materialists for a materialistic prize; and then, at the last we discover that we have missed the point. We realize, however imperfectly, that life can be a high adventure and a joyous quest that no disappointments and no heartaches can totally dim. We sense that merely living can be enough; that the rainbow's end is often enough right at our doorstep, but we find all of this out too late.

Kirk made his discovery early, we may be sure. He got something out of his days that could never be set down in black and white. So, at the last, he was able to say, "I thank Great God that he let me play."

Just that, no regrets. No vain yearnings to "do it over again." The taste of life was good; it had been well enjoyed —and the end could be met with a smile. As Robert Service expressed it in one of his immortal poems:

"There's a land where the mountains are nameless
And rivers all run God knows where;
There are lives that are erring and aimless,
And deaths that hang just by a hair;
There are hardships that nobody reckons,
There are valleys unpeopled and still;
There's a land—oh, it beckons and beckons,
And I want to go back, and I will."

Too many of us old soldiers are content to grumble and curse the visitations of trouble and disappointments which are surely the lot of everycne, no matter how wealthy or poor, whether we live in fine mansions or the lowest strata of life. If one will consider that the standards by which we, one and all, exist are of our own construction, that what we are or hope to be is within our power to decide, perhaps the world will look more cheerful and we will get a new interest in life and in passing, can look back on life with a contentment never experienced before, secure in the feeling that life has awarded us just what we deserved.

Will power, courage, and confidence in self are the fundamental principles which will most surely derive for you that great contentment. What is true of the equine family is true of the human family, perhaps more so because against will power there is nothing this side of heaven which will prevail. The writer has seen magnificent race horses, valued into the thousands of dollars, that have become absolutely worthless in a race simply because they lacked courage and will power. He has seen others become priceless to their owners because of their desire to compete for the honors, horses that give their last ounce of strength to win over their antagonists and at the end of the race, drop dead. The loss of such an animal, and it is not an uncommon occurrence, is a tremendous loss to both the equine and human families.

The will that sends men into the hailstorm of bullets from machine-gun nests, where it seems almost impossible for the smallest of the animal family to exist, the wonderful courage that was displayed by our comrads in arms who attempted to clean these nests out single handed, and in hundreds of instances succeeded; the grit that it takes for any man to prowl around No Man's Land in the dead of night, where a single false move means instant death, this is the will power which gives us a closer insight into our comrades of former days, and today the majority of such men are succeeding in their various chosen lines, and have little time to bemoan the fact that "Life has passed them by." The ex-soldier of today still dreams of the battlefields, dreams of the many promises made him, hopes to have some of the wonderful dreams come true, and waits and waits for the ship which never comes to port. Forget the vain yearnings for glory and power, live and enjoy life such as did our friend Kirk.

FRANCE AND AMERICA

The following tribute to Colonel Lindbergh was written by Myron T. Herrick, American Ambassador to France, the man who was the companion and adviser of the overseas flier after his marvelous journey. It is the foreword to Lindbergh's book "We" published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

August 31, 1927.

When Joan of Arc crowned her king at Rheims she became immortal. When Layfayette risked his all to help the struggling Americans, he wrote his memory forever across a mighty continent. Shepherd boy David in five minutes achieved with his sling a place in history which has defied all time.

These three shining names represent the triumph of the idealism of youth and we should not speak of them with such reverence today had their motives been less pure or had they ever for an instant thought of themselves or their place in history.

So it was with Lindbergh, and all the praise awarded him, judged by the rigid standards of history and precedent, he has merited. He was the instrument of a great ideal and one need not be fanatically religious to see in his success the guiding hand of Providence.

Came at the Proper Time

For he was needed and he came at the moment which seemed exactly pre-ordained. He was needed by France and needed by America and had his arrival been merely the triumph of a great adventure the influence of his act would have gone no further than have other great sporting and commercial achievements.

There have been moments in France when all that my eye could reach or my intelligence fathom appeared dark and foreboding and yet, in spite of all, my soul would be warmed as by invisible sunshine. At such times when all human efforts had apparently failed, suddenly the affairs of nations seemed to be taken from out of the hands of men and directed by an unseen power on high.

Just before the Battle of the Marne I was standing on the Seine embankment. A great harvest moon was rising over the city near Notre Dame. It seemed to rest on the corner of a building.

The French flag was blowing steadily across its face. In fleeting moments while this spectacle lasted, people knelt on the quay in prayer. I inquired the meaning of these prayers. The answer was that there is a prophecy, centuries old, that the fate of France will finally be settled upon the fields where Attila's horde was halted and driven back and where many battles in defence of France have been won. And pointing up the Seine to the French flag outlined across the moon, people cried: "See, see the sign in heaven. It means the victory of French arms. The prophecy of old is come true and France is once again to be saved on those chalky fields."

Now, when this boy of ours came unheralded out of the air and, circling the Eiffel tower, settled to rest as gently as a bird on the field at Le Bourget, I was seized with the same premonition as those French people on the quay that August night. I felt, without knowing why, that his arrival was far more than a fine deed, well accomplished, and there glowed within me the prescience of splendor yet to come. Lo, it did come and has gone on spreading its beneficence upon two sister nations which a now conquered ocean joins.

For I feel with every fibre of my being that Lindbergh's landing here marks one of the supreme moments in the history of America and France, and the faith we have in the deciding power of spiritual things is strengthened by every circumstance of his journey, by all his acts after landing and by the electrical thrill which ran like some religious emotion through a whole vast population. The "Spirit of St. Louis" was to the French people another sign come out of the sky—a sign which bore the promise that all would be well between them and us.

France took Charles Lindbergh to her heart because of what he was and because of what she knew he represented. His little ship came to the meeting place of the greatest conference that has ever gathered between two nations, for under the shadow of its wings 150,000,000 Frenchmen and Americans have come together in generous accord. No diplomatic bag ever carried so stupendous a document as this all unaccredited messenger bore, and no visiting squadron ever delivered such a letter of thanks as he took up the Potomac in returning. Has any such ambassador ever been known?

Lindbergh was not commissioned by our government any more than Lafayette was by his; in each case it has been merely left for statesmen to register and approve the vast consequences of their acts. Both arrived at the critical moment and both set in motion those imponderable forces which escape the standards of the politician's mind. Who shall say but that they were God-sent messengers of help, smiling defiance of their faith at an all too skeptical world? What one accomplished has already changed history through a century; what the other has just done, the people of America and France will take good care shall not be wasted.

COLONEL HUME RETIRED

General Orders were issued on August 8, at the office of the adjutant-general of Maine, placing Col. Frank M. Hume, collector of customs at Portland and commander of the 103d Infantry during the world war, on the retired list of the Maine national guard, with the rank of brigadier general.

Colonel Hume's record in the state service is as follows: Captain of Company L, Second Infantry, March 28, 1894; major, Second Infantry, June 3, 1897; lieutenant colonel, Second Infantry, July 10, 1903; colonel, Second Infantry July 16, 1910; mustered into the federal service, August 5, 1917.

The record of Colonel Hume in the federal service is as follows: As captain of Battery B, First Battalion, Heavy Artillery, Maine Volunteers; War with Spain, June 29, 1898, to March 31, 1899; as colonel of the Second Infantry, Maine National Guard, on Mexican border, June 19, 1916, to October 25, 1916; as colonel of Second Infantry and 103d Infantry, World War, April 13, 1917, to May 20, 1919.

YD POST, A. L., ATTENDS STATE CONVENTION AT FITCHBURG

The YD Post was well represented at the State Convention of the American Legion, at Fitchburg, on August 11th, 12th and 13th, the main body arriving on Saturday, the day of the parade, when some fifty odd members of the post were present and marched in their smocks and tams. Not arriving upon the scene until Friday night, it is impossible to give an account of the activities up to that time. The main body was quartered at the Imperial Apartments and the rest were scattered around different places.

The first thing on the program for those arriving before Saturday, was to register with the Post Commander and then be assigned quarters. Mine being the Imperial Apartments, the next thing to do was to place one's name upon a bed, which was the main article of furniture within said named apartments.

A word might be said at this time about the "Imperial." The furnishings consisted of beds and more beds, and the open spaces between. Not being a furnished apartment, the beds that made up the furniture was a collection well worth mentioning here. From all appearances, they were picked up from the highways and the byways and some having the marks of long discard. Still, the bed clothes were clean, in fact, most of it was brand new. So the matter of from where comest the beds did not worry us.

On Friday night we were told the members of the post would assemble at nine o'clock to go in a body to an association named the "Froth Blowers," where the boys of the post would be full fledged members for the night. Being late arriving at the point of assembly, I found the members of the post had departed and not remembering the name of the street, which I have since learned was Hary Gary Street, was unable to be present on the memorable occasion but from all accounts it was a WOW.

There was plenty to occupy one's attention at this convention, the same as all others, and becoming aware that the hour was around three, I decided it was about time to retire. So I wandered back to the Imperial and found upon arriving, that I and the beds were the sole occupants of the entire suite. This called for deep thought and consideration. The thought being this, I alone in bed and the rest of the gang newly made members of the Froth Blowers Association still out. The consideration being, members of an association such as this usually celebrate, especially new ones, and what might they do to one lone individual amongst 15 beds. The result being that I postponed going to bed at this time. So once more I wandered up town where action was still plenty, and at about three-thirty I came back to find that one courageous person had returned and was peacefully sleeping, which gave me courage, and I retired. Had just gotten into a peaceful slumber when the advance body of the newly made Froth Blowers arrived upon the scene. They announced their arrival by shooting fire crackers from a German trench mortar that was in a small park in front of the apartments. This not only woke me, but every one for miles around. With the arrival of the advance body I decided it was best to sleep with one eye open. Much to my surprise upon the arrival of the main body the only molesting I got was a few wise cracks, although some did want to (playful like) tip the bed over on me, but seeing that I was prepared for just such things, they congregated in one of the front rooms and I finally dropped into sleep number two.

Had just got set when I was awakened by a noise that sounded like a cross between a murder and a "free for all" coming from the front room. After listening for some time and finally hearing someone say, "Shoot the whole works," much to my relief I decided that the only excitement going on was a game of galloping dominoes and tried to get back to sleep again. This was impossible because as the game progressed, the noise got louder. Just as the first streaks of daylight began to show, two more of the boys decided to turn in and I began to think that at last we would be able to sleep, but I guess these two were the only ones that did turn in because the noise continued as loud as ever. Along about this time someone discovered that the room we were in was a more convenient passage to the main hall than the one that had been used up till this time, and from this time on our room became part of the main promenade. Every one passing through was very considerate to the extent that if you did manage to get a wink of sleep they would wake you up and inquire if you were comfortable or some other wise crack.

At about 7.30 the gang departed to parts unknown and AL DAY and myself decided that it wouldn't be a bad idea to take advantage of the occasion and get some real sleep, which we did for an hour and a half, in fact, until awakened by one SAM BOWERS who, for some reason known only to himself, drifted back, and being considerate (like the others) woke us up to inquire as to our health. Al and I held a council of war, as to which would be best—to kill him or to get up. We finally decided to let him live and we got up after having a fine night's sleep.

The lesson in this little story is this: "If you go to a convention with the gang from the post and want to sleep, then get a private room miles from the gang and keep it secret, because if you don't they (being very considerate) will drop in at all hours of the night to inquire about your health and comfort, or start a crap game."

All in all, leaving out the lack of sleep, it was a great time and everyone came away feeling that the YD Post was well represented in more than one way. —E. H. C.

CHINESE WAR

While we are not particularly interested in that Chinese war, we would dearly love to hear how it sounds when a hard boiled, "Chink" top sergeant cusses out a private.

Keeper: "There's a man outside asking if any inmate has escaped?"

Doctor: "Why does he ask?"

Keeper: "He says somebody has run away with his wife."

DO THEY HATE US?

By George W. Twombly (101st F. S. Bat.)

Many of the reports which I had heard and read regarding the attitude of the French people toward us I did not believe. That was one of the reasons I was anxious to go across this summer to see whether or not there was anything to it. Since my return, dozens of persons have asked me the same questions: "How *do* the French people feel toward us?" "Are we *disliked* by the French as much as we are led to believe?" "*Is* there any truth in what we read about the feeling of the French people toward us?"

I feel that I must tell of my experiences regarding this matter and then you may draw your own conclusions. Besides being in many hotels in various parts of France, I visited twelve families with whom I stayed from one to six days; at each place the people were very solicitous of the welfare of my family and relatives. They then would ask if I knew this person or that person—somebody, who, at one time or another, had been billeted in their house and who may have come anywhere from Bangor to Los Angeles.

It was their one delight to bring forth photographs and any kind of a souvenir pertaining to America; a flower, given by an American soldier, had been carefully pressed; an old pair of slippers one soldier had left had been kept in a bureau drawer, a piece of shrapnel; a pipe; a messkit; a hatchet (they'd never used it); a silk handkerchief; one wrapped legging; a 1920 calendar—all these things and many others were placed before me and the givers in heartfelt kindness were praised and extolled. One still hears that old familiar saying: "Ah, oui, toutes les Americains sont tres gentiles." If you were to make only a short call upon an old acquaintance, or a new one, they would not let you go away until they had searched the house for "quelque choses Americains." Besides, they'd always set up the drinks.

I did quite a lot of bicycling over there and many times in different sections of the country I'd stop to inquire about something or other, just so that I could bring in the fact that I had been a "soldat Americain" and then I'd purposely watch their expression. Always one would show interest and nearly everyone would smile, lean on his rake, stop "slapping" her washing while on her knees at the brook, cease whatever was being done to ask all sorts of questions and then would joyfully wish you a pleasant vacation, a safe return home, and a hope that next year you would return again. Looking back you'd nearly always find them watching so as to wave to you.

In hotels and other public places I saw no look of disgust nor did I hear any adverse comment, and about everybody can seem to tell an American. Coming back on the boat I inquired of several people and found none but who had been received in the most friendly way.

I am more than ever certain that many Americans who have been so provoked with the "crafty French" have only themselves to blame; for instance, one day in a cafe I heard a dispute between two Americans and a French woman, each speaking their own language! Nobody seemed to be getting anywhere so I asked the woman what the matter was. It seems that one of the boys had handed the woman a fifty franc note and he thought that "cinquante" meant one hundred. He was therefore trying to make her return change for twice as much as he'd given. Another time was at the Eiffel Tower: there are three landings and the higher up one goes the more it costs. One American was asked if he wanted premiere, deuxieme or troisieme and he answered that he desired the first landing. Naturally, then, the guard wouldn't let him go higher until he'd paid more. Two of us explained to the American, but all the way up he kept talking about the "stupid French frogs," and all because he was not acquainted with their language.

As always, I still feel—only more so—that the French people have for the American people nothing but the highest regard and esteem.

SEND-OFF TO "UNC" WOOD

On the evening of September 1, a local hotel which might not be enthusiastic over the publicity, was the scene of one of those parties. It is said that "to give a party" and "to throw a party" denote two radically different forms of social activity. Well, the boys of YD Post 290, A. L. threw a party for Uncle JIM WOOD on the eve of his departure to France You know about what those parties are like. This one was.

For instance, on the belated entrance of MONTY BROWN, bearing aloft his polished dome, a cry from the gallery, "Herpicide, Going—Going—Gone!" When JIMMY LYNCH drew up his imposing six foot three to say a few words, another wise bird pipes up, "If the gentleman is going to speak, why doesn't he stand up?" One of the best ones of the evening came when a persistent, and none too sober heckler, persisted in interrupting a speaker. Yells someone, "What's the matter with you? Was you drafted?"

JIM WOOD, who has commanded the YD Post ever since it was formed, was presented with a beautiful gold Past Commander's jewel, bearing four gold clasps for the four years he has been a commander, three of them as commander of the YD Post. AL BARNARD, the new Commander, made the presentation.

ROYAL HAYES recited some of his own war poems, in his own fiery style and JOHN DENNIHAN sang several times to deafening applause. PHIL SOUSA showed a few reels of pictures with a small projector, one of the reels being that of the parade in Fitchburg.

CARROLL SWAN, arriving later in the evening, spoke of the influence of the Legion in national affairs, and predicted a Legionnaire as President in a few years. Whereupon some one pipes up, "Carroll Swan for President." That ended the speech.

JIM WOOD gave a fine talk on the YD Post, and asked the men to give its future officers the support they had given him. He related overhearing a high compliment paid to him in Fitchburg. "You can 'get to' some of these commanders, but you can't 'get to' Wood."

And that's the truth.

BACK FROM THE FRONT

(*Concluded from page 6*)

discovery of spots where exceedingly narrow escapes were once enjoyed, now seem worthy of a tablet.

We missed the boys in O. D. who in the old days provided the comradeship that made the dullest days sometimes the most memorable. To receive the additional thrill of reminiscences on the spot, it was most fortunate to have been with a buddy with whom the winning of the war was shared.

The pictures snapped of fields, gullies, and billets, combined with memories of war as fought, have already brightened many quiet moments, and when the hair has disappeared or turned gray, these pictures will considerably revive the fading recollections of both trips.

We watched for the slightest traces of the war—and found an unbelievable amount. So the trip proved to be a handsome return on the investment. Of course, the battlefields have changed, but they're still most interesting and will be for years to come to those who still get a "kick" out of hashing over past events.

There were innumerable interesting features of the trip which no attempt has been made to describe. That in itself is a lengthy subject.

NO DEBT TALK IN PARIS

There will be no unpleasant debt cancellation controversy at the convention of the American Legion at Paris in September.

Those who have been observing the real leaders of the Legion preparing for the Paris convention have noted that every precaution is being made to keep harmony with France and the other European countries. The state department is consulted on every question that might involve foreign relations and customs, and the embassies of the various countries that legionnaires will visit are in liaison with the convention leaders. The French embassy is consulted on all things pertaining to France and the convention, and it will not be the fault of the Legion heads if anything goes wrong.

Cancellation of the debt has been the great bugaboo, for some small Legion posts had urged this. One of the first to come out against the Legion's participation in the debt question was Congressman Piatt Andrew of Massachusetts, and his suggestion that the debt be left alone will be carried out.

"SPECTORS" THE NEW 26th DIVISION MARCHES IN BOSTON

By "Diablo"

It certainly gladdened the heart of every old soldier to watch the marching hosts which recently paraded through the streets of Boston, down the very streets which, so many years ago, heard the tramp of the British troops of Lord Howe as they marched away to their waiting transports, evacuating this city to our Colonial Troops. Memories flashed to the home-coming welcome of the old Division back in 1919, and everyone privileged to view the parade on both occasions certainly must have noted these youngsters of today are a credit to the memory of the old Division Fresh from the long hike from the old camping grounds they certainly were the very ghosts of the old outfit. Here and there in their ranks could be found some of the old boys, but for the most part they are youthful citizens carrying on and giving their best in the service which gives no reward, only that of death on the battlefield.

General Logan, commander of the 101st Infantry during the war, has not aged at all and seems as young as when directing the activities of his regiment in France some ten years ago. It is indeed a pity the retirement rules must be so rigidly enforced. The old outfit will not seem so familiar with him gone. Who will take his place in command we do not know, but sincerely hope that it will be one of our wartime commanders. This is the first occasion that the writer has ever seen a full division on parade, by this I mean a peace-time division, and it was quite a shock to note that it took one hour and ten minutes for the parade to pass a given spot. With bands playing, horses prancing and the marching cadence of hundreds of men, it certainly was an impressive sight. Those doughboys have been well drilled as they had their lines perfect as they passed the reviewing stands, heads up, chests out, rifles held in perfect alignment —all in all it was a sight I would not have missed for anything. The clattering and rumbling of the artillery, transports, and ambulance trains gave semblance to an outfit ready for duty in the front, and on the end of the whole parade the motorized machine shop, certainly gave them an appearance of the old kick, ready to do or die.

It is an old military saying that troops cannot be judged on parade, but I for one will cast my lot any day with those boys who certainly have well learned the school of the soldier and know how to carry themselves. An old timer stood by me and his remarks certainly came from the bottom of his heart:

> "I expected to see a bunch of rough looking birds such as used to join the Militia, but I got the jolt of my life when I see all those clean looking youngsters who have joined up, and they sure do know how to carry themselves. The only thing out of place in the whole outfit is those greased tin hats. The next thing this John Army will be doing is trying to polish up the O.D. on their backs, but all in all they are a damn fine looking bunch of boys, and in case of trouble they will surely carry on as well as we did."

The parade had passed and the old Kipling lines came to my thoughts, "The Captains and the Kings depart, etc." and my thoughts began wandering to the passing of so many of our old commanders. The ranks are beginning to thin all too rapidly after so short a space of time, and it will not be long before the ranks of the grand old division will be filled by our sons and the old-timers can do nothing but look on with pride and hope that the youngsters will continue the "Child" created at a cost unknown, down through eternity.

YD MEN IN LEGION PILGRIMAGE

Although undoubtedly far from complete, the following list of YD men who are making the trip to France with the American Legion include all whose names have been brought directly to the attention of YANKEE DOINGS.

MAJ.-GEN. EDWARD L. LOGAN; COL. JOHN D. MURPHY;

COL. JOHN F. OSBORN; WILLIAM MCGINNIS (102d F. A.); PETE MCGARVEY (101st Engineers); NORMAN CARTER (101st Engineers); JAMES P. ROSE (101st Infantry); ELMER CASEY (101st Engineers); LEANDER H. REDFIELD (101st Engineers); BURTON M. DEARBORN (101st Engineers); JAMES D. WOOD (101st Field Signal Battalion); JULIUS DANIELS (101st Engineers); EDWIN R. BARNES (101st Engineers); HENRY CHAPIN (104th Infantry); HARRY F. WARNER (101st Field Artillery); BERNARD L. GORFINKLE (Hdqtrs. 26th Div.); COL. CARROLL J. SWAN (101st Engineers); WALTER ANNABLE (101st F. A.); BILL DOLAN (Hdqtrs. 26th Div.); BILL BRADY (101st F. Sig. Bn.); CLARENCE THOMASY (101st Amm. Tr.); CHARLES MAINES (103d F. A.).

A. P. O. 709

Fifty officers of the 182d infantry, Massachusetts National Guard, attended a farewell dinner given to Captain George F. Davis, at the Bass Point House, Nahant, on the eve of his departure for Fort Niagara, N. Y., where he has been assigned to duty.

Captain Davis has been the regular army instructor assigned to the 182d infantry for the past three and a half years. He was a member of the old 5th Infantry, M.N.G., with which he served at the Mexican border. After receiving a commission as a second lieutenant at Plattsburg, he served overseas during the world war with Company E, 101st Infantry, and was one of the first officers of the A. E. F. to receive the croix de guerre.

JOHN CASWELL, formerly of 101st Engineers, is now back in Boston after some years spent in business in New York.

CONGRATULATIONS

A son, Richard Douglas, was born on August 2, to Mr. and Mrs. *Charles C. Hurter*. Charlie was in E Company, 101st Engineers.

William McGinnis (102nd F. A.) was married on August 23, to Miss Katherine R. Conway of Milford. The Reverend William J. Farrell of Wilmington, Mass., wartime chaplain of the 103rd Field Artillery and the 104th Infantry, performed the ceremony. Bill has just laid down his duties as Department Commander of the American Legion, Department of Massachusetts. He and Mrs. McGinnis sailed from East Boston on the steamer *Lancastia* on August 27, for France where Bill will attend the National Convention of the Legion.

One whom the members of the YD Club have come to consider as nearly the permanent bachelor as anyone can be in this world of change and surprise, has recently added point to Lincoln's phrase, "You can fool all of the people part of the time." "Eye Vee Dye," christened by his fond parents Alfred V. Day, and known in six counties and thirteen precincts as "Al," was being considered, since the death of Captain Brush, for the presidency of the "Bachelors' Club" of F Company, 101st Engineers. But his campaign managers reckoned without their host, for Al has gone and done it. Further details we cannot give you, as the presumably rapturous benedict has seen fit to evade the awaiting reception at the Club by a period of prolonged, but perhaps excusable absence.

Russ Harmon (104th Infantry) and Mrs. Harmon, who was Miss Gladys McIntyre of Salvation Army fame, report the arrival of another boy, the fourth. The youngster has been named Kenneth Elliott, from which Russ's friend, old George Elliott, seems to derive pleasure. It was he who passed on the happy tidings.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Sanderson (102nd F. A.) report the arrival of a daughter on August 31. This makes two girls for "Sandy."

Rosamond Helen arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM J. MULHALL (Div. Hdqtrs.) on July 2.

GREETINGS, BUDDY!

A lot of water has gone over the Falls since Portland and our Club there. Since finishing Vocational Training in '24, I have been serving regularly with the Border Patrol, Immigration Service, at this station, then in that Down East sector, Maine, and subsequently back to the Niagara Frontier, encore. As has been observed in a previous issue of the DOINGS, "They can't get any liquor by Bud Durant —through him?" Well, that's neither here nor there. But they tried to get it by, though! Kindly read the following clipping and be advised of the truth of the above assertion.

(From Buffalo Courier-Express)

"A sudden attack by two immigration border patrolmen on a group of a dozen men engaged in unloading liquor from a boat at Goodyear slip, Hamburg turnpike and city line, on August 3, led to the shooting of one man and the seizure of two five-ton trucks, a 40-foot cabin cruiser and a quantity of ale and liquors.

"The officers were patrolling the shore when suddenly the shadow of a boat loomed in the distance. Inspector Henry Durant and Inspector Wallace Caldwell started for its probable landing place and when they arrived found ten men at work removing the cargo. The boat contained 8,400 bottles of ale, 24 cases of whisky and 12 cases of gin.

SAY THEY ARE MERELY HIRED

"The gang unloading the boat told the inspectors they were merely hired for the job, whereupon Inspector Durant sought the man in charge of operations. He spied a man a short distance away and went after him. Durant arrested Claude Anderson, said to be proprietor of a soft drinkery at Broadway and Elm streets, who now is in the Emergency Hospital with a bullet wound in his left leg.

"Anderson submitted quietly to arrest and was brought back to the gang at the boat. It was indicated that trouble was to begin and Inspector Caldwell went to telephone for help. When he was gone, the men threw Inspector Durant down and continued to floor him each time he tried to gain his feet.

SHOOTS HIM IN ANKLE

Anderson meanwhile made a dive for a truck and began driving it away. Inspector Durant leaped instantly to his feet and before the truck got under way and before any one could stop him, he was on the running board. The driver kicked him off. Again the Inspector sought to stop the truck and again he was kicked out. The third time he pulled his revolver and approaching the cab of the lumbering five-tonner shot Anderson in the ankle. Anderson relinquished the accelerator and stopped the machine.

When the inspector returned, the ten men had escaped. The coast guard and the police of Lackawanna and Buffalo were summoned, but no one could be found. It is believed the liquor was brought from Port Colborne.

I was mad for a bit. Those kicks were down where I didn't like 'em. Transferred from the Maine Border to Niagara Frontier a short time ago. Reporting now that "All's Well." Mousing along the line with an eye out for the alien smuggler; of course when the bootlegger crosses my patrol, comes under observation, I then function immediately. Madame Bud and the kiddies join me in this greeting. Fraternally yours,

HENRY F. DURANT (103d Inf.)
Patrol Inspector

Buffalo, N. Y., August 31

REUNION OF 101st TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY

On Sunday, September 11, the 101st Trench Mortar Battery held a grand reunion at No Name Lake, Lewiston, Maine.

Unfortunately, this issue of YANKEE DOINGS goes to press at too early a date to give details of the affair, and too late to publish an advance notice.

However we can tell by the letter which the committee has sent out that the affair will go down in history as a whale of a time. The following few paragraphs give a good indication of the spirit which is always found when YD men get together.

"Fellows, it's TEN YEARS back to Brunswick and Boxford, and Sunday, September 11, at 12 o'clock, noon—will be the ninth anniversary to the minute of St. Mihiel, and Mess Sergeant BILL KERRIGAN promises that this zero hour will be the signal for one of the prettiest barrages of home-cooked pies, cakes, steaks, etc., that was ever laid down in front of you.

"Seriously, we don't want a single blank file when MARTY JOYCE calls "Battery, Attention!" from headquarters down through every squad; let's not have one A. W. O. L. When we think of lining up with the gang that we have slept with, hiked with, fought with, the fellows who were closer than brothers for two long years. Well, we are not sob sisters, but there sure is a considerable lump near the Adam's apple—and sort of a mist gets in our eyes—maybe we are getting old, but then, ten years is a long time."

The reunion was in charge of the following committee: Billets, JAMES LONGLEY, ALBERT ST. MARIE, FRANK MANN; Mess Hall, WILLIAM KERRIGAN, CALIXTE MARTEL, MARTIN JOYCE; Refreshments, LAWRENCE MURPHY, GEORGE COLE, EUGENE BEAUDOIN; Sports, JOHN F. COFFEY, NORMAN THOMAS, LEO O'REILLY; Transportation, WILLIAM BRENNAN, WALTER HINES, GEORGE STOWELL, WALTER LANGELIER.

PORTLAND PARAGRAPHS

We wish to congratulate the editorial staff for the excellent "July-August number," also to thank "E. K. H." of Lisbon Falls for the news of JOSEPH GOODFELLOW, MIKE NELLIGAN and JOHN PARADIS.

The following General Order will, no doubt, be very interesting to all former 103d Infantry members:

STATE OF MAINE

General Orders No. 6 — The Adjutant General's Office, Augusta, August 1, 1927

1. Upon personal request, under the provisions of Section 38, The Military Law, Colonel Frank M. Hume is hereby placed on the retired list, Maine National Guard, with the rank of Brigadier General.
2. Record of Service:
   Capt. Company L, 2d Infantry, March 28, 1894.
   Maj. 2d Infantry, June 3, 1897.
   Lt. Col. 2d Infantry, July 10, 1903.
   Colonel 2d Infantry, July 16, 1910.
   Mustered into Federal Service, August 5, 1917.
   In Federal Service:
   As. Capt. Battery B, 1st Heavy Artillery, Me. Vol. War with Spain, June 29, 1898, to March 31, 1899.
   As Colonel 2d Infantry, Me. N. G., Mexican border, June 19, 1916, to October 25, 1916.
   As Colonel, 2d Infantry and 103d Infantry, World War, April 13, 1917, to May 20, 1919.

By Order of the Governor: —J. W. HANSON
Brigadier General,
The Adjutant General

PERCY WITHAM (101st Eng. Train) is quite active in the military game. First he goes to camp with the 240th C. A.C. for their summer tour of duty, being Gun Commander of Battery A. Then a short rest and another tour of duty. This time O. R. C. at Fort McKinley.

Other members of the Club who are still in the service are: PARK K. ROCKWELL (Battery E, 103d F. A.); GEO. W. MORRELL (Co. G, 103d Infantry); JESSE D. MOODY (Co. A, 101st Engineers); OWEN BENTON (Co. C, 103d Infantry) and LEON E. HALL (Co. F, 103d Infantry) are all in the Howitzer Company.

The many friends of JESSE MOODY were surprised to hear of his rise in the business world—So was Jesse.

FRANK DENSMORE will attend the V. F. W. Convention at Providence in capacity of C. O., of the local post. We hear that Frank is looking a bit thin this summer. Perhaps he is doing his own cooking while the "Boss" is away.

The Club is on its summer vacation so there is not much to write about, but we expect to get busy before very long. BUD WORTHEN says he has some good ideas, so we have something to look forward to.

Why don't the New Hampshire boys sound off once in a while? —"MINNIE LA TOUR"

OUTBURSTS FROM THE OLD OUTFITS

G. W. Twombly

(Associate Editor)

101st INFANTRY

"H-er Comp."

By the time this issue of DOINGS is mailed, the H Company Veterans Association will have had their first meeting of the fall. We plan to make this year as active as last. More so, if possible. We don't know just what our first attraction will be, but most likely a smoke talk. So watch the bulletin board for news.

We learn JOE FITZPATRICK has taken unto himself a wife and has gone to France with the Legion on his Honeymoon. There's not many of the boys left now who enjoy single bliss. Or we might say who don't enjoy the pleasures of married life. This last is to square ourselves with the wives who may read this.

HARRY CRANWELL gets around to the club quite frequently now. Harry was quite a stranger for a while. Being on the fire department in Brookline, he could not get around as much as he would like.

At the last meeting of the YD Post in August, "H-er Comp." was pretty well represented, in fact, we had enough present within the club to call a meeting of our own.

We understand that GORMAN was one of GLEASON'S and READON'S guests down the bay some time ago. We hope he had a pleasant visit.

Met CHUCK KELLY the other day. He is travelling for the Cliquot Club Ginger Ale people and is not in town much.

—E. H. C.

103rd MACHINE GUN BATTALION

COMPANY A

"EVEN" SKOG is "on the force" in Providence.

ART MCCORMICK is one of the fire fighters in the same thriving metropolis.

CAPTAIN CASE is now Lieutenant Governor of Rhode Island.

LIEUTENANT ARNOLD is Deputy U. S. Marshal of Rhode Island.

SERGEANT CLARK recently married Miss Tillie Mullens, of Pawtucket.

"DOC" BUXTON is on the staff of the City Hospital of Providence.

JOE FARRELL is located in Baltimore and recently fought the war over again with BUCK O'BRIEN, who is now performing on a theatrical circuit.

"PACKEY" TIERNEY is a sergeant of detectives on the police force of Stamford, Connecticut.

—BUCK O'BRIEN

103rd INFANTRY

COL. SHUMWAY has recently moved from Skowhegan to Bangor, where he will open up a law office. The Colonel has done some fine work along legal lines and his activities have resulted in the conviction of a number of criminals of note.

LES BUCHANAN (M. G. Co.) figured in a motorcycle accident recently and escaped with a few minor bruises and a ducking when he drove his machine off the wharf at Lake Sunapee, N. H.

WALTER LESSARD (Co. E) was recently elected Vice-Commander of the Department of Maine, at the convention held at Bar Harbor.

There are a number of men in old Co. E of Skowhegan who just could not resist the temptation to "sign on the dotted line." CAPT. HEALEY is the skipper, WILLIAM H. THOMPSON has a 1st Lt. Commission. Some of the Sergeants are: ELTON L. MARKHAM, WALTER G. LESSARD, TRUE ELLIS, HENRY BEAROR, CHARLES LAFORME, CHESTER H. LUCE, SGT. BOUFIRD and SGT. GALLANT. CLARENCE E. MOODY is a corporal, and ELMER GERALD is Company Cook. Of course this company had to have a few privates for details, etc., so FOREST FLETCHER and CLYDE H. GETCHELL volunteered for that service.

Two very interesting articles recently appeared in the Saturday Evening Post under the title of "One Man's War" and "One Man's Battle." These were written by Corporal Rendinell of the Marine Corps. In the first one he speaks about "lifting" a calf from some of the Medics of the 26th up near Belleau. Some of the medics ought to recall the event. We lost two cows up in that locality but as a couple of our companies had fresh beef about the same time we drew our own conclusions. The two articles are well written and well worth reading.

We wish more men would come across with some news. Letters have been sent to a number with requests for news but about all we can pick up is what we find in the papers. Please send news direct or else to E. K. HALE, Lisbon Falls, Maine (Foreign Correspondent). —E. K. H.

TAPS

YANKEE DOINGS regrets that an error was made in this column last month. ALBERT M. BUTCHER, whose death at Concord, Mass., was recorded in the August number, served in the 101st Engineer Train, not the Supply Train as stated. We are indebted to Dr. Schuyler R. Waller, former Commanding Officer of the Engineer Train, for calling our attention to this mistake.

COMPANY A, 102d MACHINE GUN BN.

To our knowledge, only one of the A men is heading for France this September. Several, however, are seriously considering a YD Pilgrimage next year to dedicate the Divisional Memorial. Have YOU contributed to the very much worthwhile Fund? We have recently looked over the site and looked into the details of the proposition—and you'll regret it if you're not a financial helper.

Recently at the State Convention, American Legion, our MATTY BOYLE was elected one of the four delegates-at-large to represent the Massachusetts Department in Paris at the National Convention. BUD (HAROLD) M. FISHER, a resident of Fitchburg, busied himself in seeing that Matty not only went but had the largest number of votes. He did. HARRY RODD, the champion attender of all kinds of conventions, was also there.

If Matty goes to visit La Nuette Farm (near Chateau Thierry) he'll miss the immense manure pile which once adorned the center of the farm yard for it has been removed. But there are plenty of other landmarks still present—and less odorous.

It's hard work to keep pace with the changes of business addresses of CLAUD NICHOLLS. Within the past few hours, Nick was sharing the expenses and profits in Nicholls & Dixey, 99 Chauncy Street, representatives of certain cotton and rayon mills.

RUSSELL S. JONES claims as his address, 81 Woburn Street, Lexington. During the day, Rus assists the Edison Company in the problem of separating the francs from customers.

ERNEST L. HUNNEWELL, the first "A" man to return to America, is still with Lawrence & Co., 89 Franklin St., representing the Pacific Mills.

Recently on two separate occasions, BUCK (WARREN F.) FREEMAN and GEORGE W. BENTLEY entertained some of the boys at their homes. Nothing unusual occurred and Nick was only 100 per cent accounted for. Harry called for too many r-r-r's on the end of the wow's.

Wednesday at noon, Boston Chamber of Commerce—try it!

If you haven't heard the details of our Marcheville Anniversary Reunion (probably) September 23d to 25th, write the Chairman, MAURICE E. DOOLAN, 18 Nicholls Street, Rutland, Vermont. —A. C. H.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

BUZZINGS OF B

The lure of the military was too strong for PAUL PRESTON and he has once again signed up in the First Corps as a lieutenant in Battery B.

RAPHAEL "RADO" "DUD" "RAFTER" FRANCIS MCKEOWN has left, been pushed, or slid into the holy or otherwise bonds of matrimony from the single blessedness state, having taken unto himself one Florence Garrity to be his storm and strife. Good luck, "Rado", although we do not know what Fitz will do now.

The illustrious student of the outfit, namely, JOHN PERRY, has returned from a scholarship in France which he was able to stretch out for about a year. He now holds the rank of Recruiting Sergeant, or some such title, for the Mass. National Guard, Anti-Aircraft Battalion which happens to be the outfit headed by another "B" man, COL. HORACE Z. LANDON.

PETE BECK, as usual once in each year, migrated to the East from the horrible West where men are men and women are governors.

BILL HOLLOWAY started for Paris on September 9 with the Second A. E. F. This seems to be a regular trip for Bill for the past few years. Either he is very fond of wine, women, and war, or wine or women or, perhaps, the whole business; or else his conscience must trouble him.

We have at least one golf player in the outfit, that being none other than BART SHAW, who qualified in the Amateurs but didn't quite make the grade in the stiff elimination contest that followed. We see no reason why Bart should feel too badly about it as there is a good deal of doubt as to whether anybody else in the outfit could have made his score of 74. —"THE DRONE"

CAPERS OF C

BERT FLEMING, in a card from Paris, says that he and Mrs. Fleming are having the time of their lives. The old haunts have been inspected by Bert and bring back some dire memories.

BILL HARRIS is through for another year now on National Guard manoeuvers. Bill looked hale and hearty after his return from camp and the sun did a good job on the face.

On the 31st of August, "Chief" PETE MCGARVEY with NORMAN CARTER and Mrs. Carter left for France to attend the Legion Convention. Norman expects to visit north of Verdun and Chateau Thierry and some other places if possible. No doubt we will be able to listen in on them when they return as it should be very interesting. They left on the "Martha Washington" and Pete sure will be a good protector if not a good connoisseur of familiar beverages—or both.

EDWIN (RUSS) BARNES is also among the lucky ones to go over. He left Saturday, September 3d, with the Dedham Post of the Legion.

BILL HARRIS'S Artillery Company won distinction by conquering three of the four prizes at the camp this year. Some record, and it takes the old timers to see the issue through.

ARTHUR STANLEY has built a home out in Wellesley. Arthur is selling laboratory equipment as he has done for some time.

BILL CONNELLY has been away all summer down at Magnolia and has gone big for the groceries at which he has been dabbling. Bill, we understand, is managing a chain store down that way.

A bit of news from New York. WALLIE HILL came across FERRIS on the streets of Manhattan. Ferris is now working there and has an office appliance line to sell to the more important houses of the big city.

A girl was added to the household of JOHN and Mrs. RILEY last July 27, by the name of Mary Louise. They now have one of each and sometime soon they will be reading

the Engineers' History which John thoughtfully has purchased.

A girl also has been left at JOHN FERGUSON'S house recently. The little girl's name is Shirley. Was born August 10.

WATTS CASWELL paid Boston a flying visit during July.

—C. W. Z.

DOINGS OF D

D Company sincerely regrets the loss of their buddy, HERBERT BUCK, of Walpole, Mass., who passed away August 16th, after an operation for appendicitis.

A goodly number of the boys attended his funeral with eight of the Norwood comrades serving as pall bearers.

SGT. JOHN RUSSELL will be among those who attend the Legion Convention at Paris. We trust John will watch his step.

EDDIE WALKER, our hustling representative, is enjoying his annual vacation. We don't know where he went, but we can bank the Sahara Desert won't see him.

BOB YOUNG, one of our dashing young attorneys, is back in Boston awaiting your call to render his efficient service.

CARLETON DURFEE, our tenor soloist, is now located with the Bond Department at the Old Colony Trust. Carleton will wisely invest your loose sheckels if you call on him.

—"PINCH HITTER"

ECHOES OF E

Mail has been returned addressed to DANNY LAMONT and HARRY COHEN. If you happen to know their correct addresses, please let us know.

JIM MACCONNELL has been Manager for G. Wm. Bentley & Co. in Springfield, Mass., for two years now, we learn. ARTHUR DUDLEY is the proud father of a baby girl, born May 14th, 1927. His address is now Wayland, Mass. JOE JOHNSON'S address is 10 Johnson Place, Norwood, Mass. BILL KEARNS hangs out at 29 Fairview St., Dorchester, Mass., BEN LEIGHTON at 773 Main St., Westbrook, Maine. He works for S. D. Warren Co., paper manufacturers. ROY PENDEXTER and RICH TRUE live in Denmark, Maine, while Porter, Maine, claims METCALF and the DAY boys. FRED TULLAR'S address is 590 Massachusetts Ave., Lexington, Mass. He's in the real estate business now. Selling it, instead of hiking over it. Good idea! GEORGE THOMPSON has a stand at Nantasket Beach this summer where he sells cooling drinks, etc.

FRED O'NEIL has moved to a new billet, 91 Paul Gore St., Jamaica Plain, Mass. He has been married six years and has just been blessed with a Fred, Junior. Keep up the good work, you still have a chance to catch up with some of the rest of the gang. You're young yet! Fred is also coming up in the world and is still with the Boston Elevated Railway.

We have been informed by BEN LEIGHTON that BILL PEMBROKE died some time ago—in April 1926, he thought it was. It seems to be up to us to make the most of our old friendships born of the War as it's hard to tell who'll be called next.

It's not too late to get your Regimental History if you've overlooked this important duty to yourself. Send your five bucks toRALPH M. EASTMAN, care State Street Trust Co., Boston. Every "E" man should have one.

Do you belong to the American Legion? Don't forget the YD Post to which each of you is eligible and which is doing a good job. While it's fine if you can attend meetings, it isn't necessary and you'll find the American Legion Monthly well worth the price of admission. —R. M. E.

FANCIES OF F

Being correspondent for F Company on the staff of YANKEE DOINGS appears to be not without its compensations. There seem to be possibilities undreamed of in the mind of the present incumbent when he humbly took that office (or job) several years ago. In the last issue we referred to the pleasant reception received at the summer home of "POP" PALMSTROM in Gloucester. We also spoke feelingly (and sincerely) of the comradeship and cuisine of Mrs. "Pop." Merest chance and, perhaps, unconscious memory led us to the Needham abode of the Palmstrom menage the other evening. We found, in the trite words of the fourth estate that "Publicity Pays." Another near midnight repast concluded another delightful evening. JOHN GERRISH formed the other member of the quartet, which remained a quartet as the three junior members of the household had retired. Now there's an idea. We may in time be able to subsist on the largest of F Company family kitchens, and repay in sweet thoughts and kind words.

This is not submitted as Exhibit B, but, nevertheless, it is a true statement of fact, and may bear out the above contention. The family hearth of another F Company man, DARRAGH HIGGINS, of Wollaston, (erstwhile of Middleboro) felt the footfalls of your correspondent a few evenings ago. Here too we found added assurance that the family unit is the bulwark of the nation. Mrs. Higgins made a most gracious hostess, and the big platter of "steaming ears" may not have been any better than other corn we have had, but it seemed so. The two small Higginses, both girls in this case, are all that a proud papa could ask. One of these young ladies committed an indiscretion which we readily forgive in one of such tender years (3). She insisted that your reporter visit her bedroom after she had retired, "to see how pretty it was." Not the least important member of the household is a huge German police dog. She answers to the name of "Aster," whether in honor of the memory of the doughty colonel, John Jacob, or because of the delicate flower of her womanhood, we forgot to inquire At any rate, she finally decided to accept us as at least worthy of notice, following a brief period of utter disdain.

Elsewhere in this issue appears an incomplete and wholly unsatisfactory account of the nuptials of one A. V. DAY. Since writing it, the prodigal son has returned, and threatens our innocent and unoffending head with talk of libel suits. Well, anyhow AL, we hope it's true, and putting all razzing aside for a minute, you deserve as good as there is.

Saw in the daily paper JOHN MCCOLL'S wedding intentions. Carelessly forgot to clip out the item, but hope to have the lowdown next month. P. N. S.

MEMOS OF MEDICOS

JOHN A. MACCONATY was awarded a medal for bravery by the Massachusetts Humane Society recently, in recognition of his saving the lives of six people at Chestnut Hill Reservoir last winter.

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